VOGUE

Apr. 1
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AVEDON

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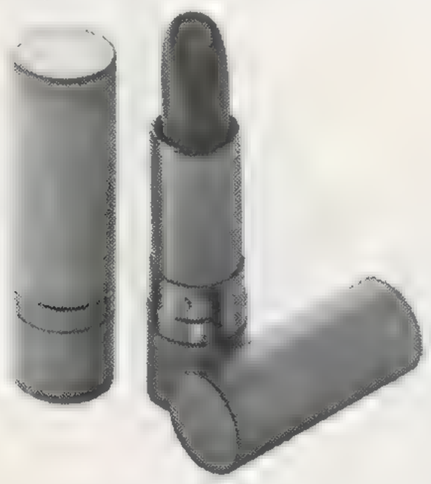
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Dina Merrill

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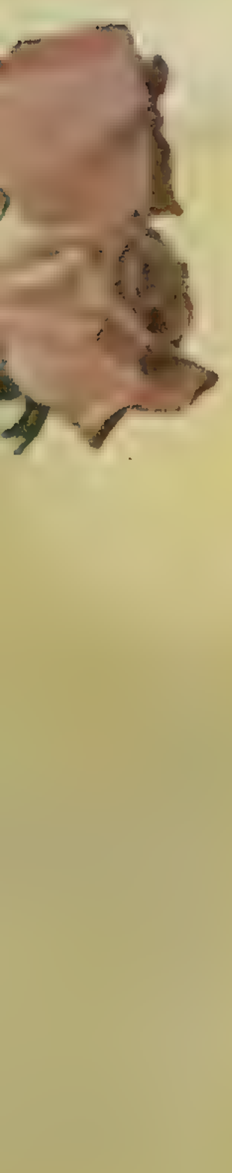
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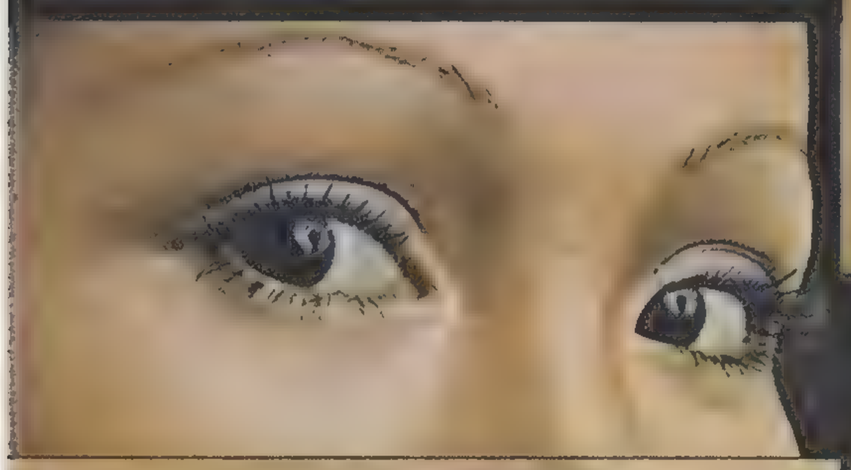
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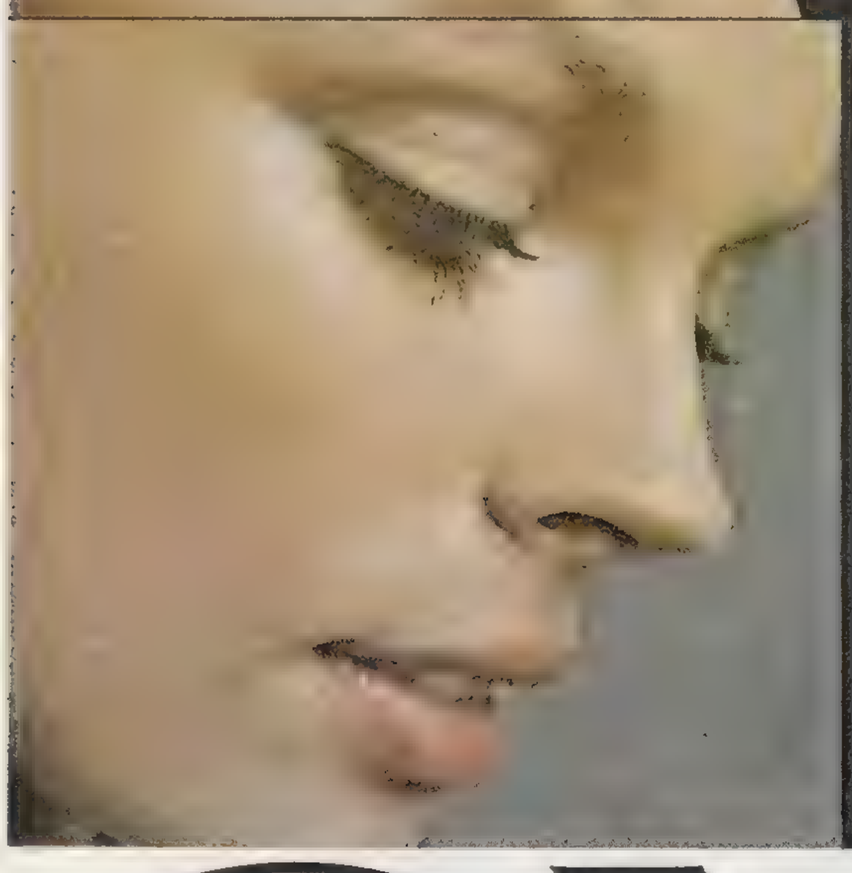
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LETTER FROM ITALY

Milking the movies:

HOW ITALIAN FILMS PUSH TRENDS, FOR BETTER OR WORSE

BY ALBERTO ARBASINO

Trends in Italian movie-making, as everyone is well aware, develop in spurts. Every film that is both unusual and successful immediately establishes a new "pattern," on which dozens and dozens of imitations are indiscriminately based. The new canon of art can take any form from "comedy Italian style" and "spaghetti Westerns" to the recent profusion of horror films, crammed with atrociously tortured women and given to strange baroque titles with a disquieting emphasis on the animal world, such as *The Bird with the Crystal Plumage, The Tarantula with a Woman's Skin,* and *Four Flies on Grey Velvet.*

So of course the tremendous success of Pasolini's *Decameron* has spawned an unexpectedly flourishing "Boccaccio-esque" trend, all out to exploit the most vulgar situations and grossest *double-entendres* possible that have nothing left in common with Giovanni Boccaccio's tales—despite the current (particularly Roman) fashion for excessively violent and obscene language. In fact, this taste the public has developed for brothel-like revolting obscenity has elicited gales of hilarity in the stalls of the Roman cinemas. The paradox is interesting to note: this same obscene terminology when used daily in commercial transactions or family life for emphasis—like punctuation in a sentence—makes no one laugh; yet, repeated with endless regularity and monotony during the course of a single film, the same smutty word provokes as much unbridled laughter the thousandth time as the first. Obviously, this proves that the same stimulus repeated *ad infinitum* produces an equal rather than a diminishing response.

Directors not immersed in obscenity seem to be amazingly active in the religious sphere, so we foresee a probable mystical movement setting in here in Italy as a reaction from the current American mystical movement. Even now, Franco Zeffirelli and Gillo Pontecorvo, as well as several other movie moguls, are hurriedly getting together films on Jesus.

Here is a suggestion for a topical game: to guess in what style each of the forthcoming Jesus films will be. Will they give us stark underdeveloped Third World folk-realism or the gold-leaf grandeur of a Fra Angelico painting complete with medieval Florentine dialect? Or will it be a manger as severely stylized as a Roman pulpit, and perhaps voluptuous carnality in the manner of Correggio in the Descent from the Cross? One wonders how the Miracles will come out. Will they appear in the tortured framework of a Happening, or of Living Theater, or—like a Della Robbia painting—euphoric, in a shower of oranges and lemons? What of the Last Supper? Shall we see it fashioned after the scene in Brecht's *Galileo* or Visconti's *The Damned*? Perhaps, in a less frivolous vein, they might choose pure Michelangelo and the Sistine Chapel. One wonders if those pretentious First Communion portraits will turn up again, with eternally smooth faces staring from under bad imitations of Murillo's chubby baby Jesus and of Celestial Virgins costumed by Guido Reni.

Meanwhile, from the pictures already released, the so-called "politicizing" trend stands out—mainly because of Gian Maria Volonté's extraordinarily explosive angry acting in two of Elio Petri's films, *Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion* and *The Working Classes Go to Paradise,* as well as in Francesco Rosi's latest film, *The Mattei Case.* Whether he is a sexually perverted crypto-Fascist police commissioner, an enraged Lombar- (Continued on page 58)

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Medical Journal Article Debunks The Myth About Facial Hair Regrowth

Now no woman need hesitate to remove unsightly facial hair

If you're faced with a hairy problem, you've probably considered enlisting the aid of a good depilatory. Its advantages make it the most convenient, effective, safe way to get rid of unwanted facial hair. None of the painful, possibly scarring, expensive semi-surgical procedure of electrolysis. Or the unfeminine stigma, nicking, and telltale stubble of odious shaving. Or the half-hearted attempts of a bleach that merely tries to cover up the hair you know is still really there.

What then has stopped you from enjoying the liberating benefits of a depilatory? Has it been the widely-shared fear that, once your hair is removed, it may grow back hairier than ever? Forget it—that's all hokum, heresay, and just plain not true! Another old wives' tale that shouldn't deter you any longer from regaining a clear, smooth upper lip. Debunked once and for all by the consensus of modern scientific opinion expressed in a leading medical journal.*

It was on the basis of these findings—which too long have gone undisclosed to the very women who could most profit from them—that Andrea decided to develop a new kind of beauty cream especially for the upper lip, and other delicate areas of a woman's face that may require tender care for unwanted hair. The result is *Visage Clair* cream hair remover for the face—scientifically formulated to melt away excess facial hair smoothly and surely, without stimulating heavy regrowth. Backed by the reassuring guarantee that your hair won't come back either faster, coarser, thicker or darker—or your money back from the Andrea cosmetics people.

Visage Clair is gentle and fragrant as a beauty cream should be—without any offensive medicinal odor—yet so effective in removing hair below the skin surface, there's never a sign of stubble. Regrowth is actually softer, growing-in time longer. And *Visage Clair* does more than just take it off—it provides a total facial treatment for unsightly hair. With every purchase, you get an accessory tube of *Skin-Soothing Conditioner*—to help protect against irritation, as it moisturizes your skin to a more clearly beautiful face. Small wonder that 48 out of 50 women preferred *Visage Clair* when tested against two other leading brands.*

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*Data supplied upon request

VOGUE BOOKS

Russian hero's tale of war: "AUGUST 1914," BY ALEXANDER SOLZHENITSYN

BY OLGA CARLISLE

Alexander Solzhenitsyn's impact in the U.S.S.R. and abroad is extraordinary. For the first time, a writer born in the U.S.S.R. after the October Revolution speaks in a clear, strong voice because he knows certain things and has to say them—right now. Many experiences the Nobel Prize-winning novelist records are set in prisons and concentration camps and are extremely painful; but the directness and urgency of his message and a definite gift for catharsis have made him popular in the West, particularly among young readers. In the Soviet Union, where his major novels *The First Circle* and *The Cancer Ward* circulate only in *Samizdat* (typescript), he is worshipped for his literary and political daring.

Due here in English soon, Solzhenitsyn's new novel, *August 1914* (Farrar, Straus and Giroux), was published in Russian in Paris last June by a small émigré publishing house; Solzhenitsyn's stand as a dissenter made it impossible for it to appear in the U.S.S.R. *August 1914* is one part (one "knot," as the author calls it) of a trilogy about World War I and the birth of the Soviet State. Solzhenitsyn has been planning it since his high-school days, and today he regards it as his life work: "I was sidetracked into writing other books only by the peculiarities of my biography and the density of current impressions," he writes in an afterword to *August 1914*.

This enormously ambitious undertaking has *Vetchnaya Rus'* (eternal Russia) as its theme. It demonstrates that Solzhenitsyn's appeal as a writer does not derive from his dealing with the grimmer realities of Soviet life: the power of his imagination, his genius as a storyteller are the sources of his literary gift. Since its publication in Russian, *August 1914* has occasionally been likened to *War and Peace;* and indeed there are similarities in scope and conception. Like *War and Peace, August 1914* describes two distinct experiences: events at the front during the first weeks of World War I and scenes taking place at the same time deep within Russia. There, in the rear, the stresses of war are not yet felt; a deeply traditional life goes on. Yet even within this muffled world, just before World War I, Russia was progressing politically and economically at an accelerated pace.

The power of *August 1914* lies in its scenes of war—Russia's first, fateful incursion into Eastern Prussia in August of 1914. Because Solzhenitsyn has usually written about closed worlds—a hospital ward, a prison—an aspect of his talent not known to us until now is revealed: he is a master of action writing. Action at the front holds *August 1914* firmly together. Some of his brief, kaleidoscopic battle scenes will be classics of Russian literature. His ability to unfold day by day a campaign for the reader is breathtaking. Although a map of Eastern Prussia is included in the Russian edition of *August 1914,* Solzhenitsyn notes that it is not really necessary for the reader to refer to it. And indeed, though extraordinarily complex, the action can be followed perfectly through the narrative alone.

Solzhenitsyn's sense of detail is stunning. The countryside, the movements of armies, the inner thoughts of the soldiers and officers are captured in their immediacy and masterfully interlinked. There is no Natasha Rostova in *August 1914,* however. The once popular concept of the Eternal Feminine—of woman as an inspiring, ideal creature—has vanished altogether from Russia. (The last such heroine was Lara in *Doctor Zhivago,* Pasternak's (Continued on page 58)



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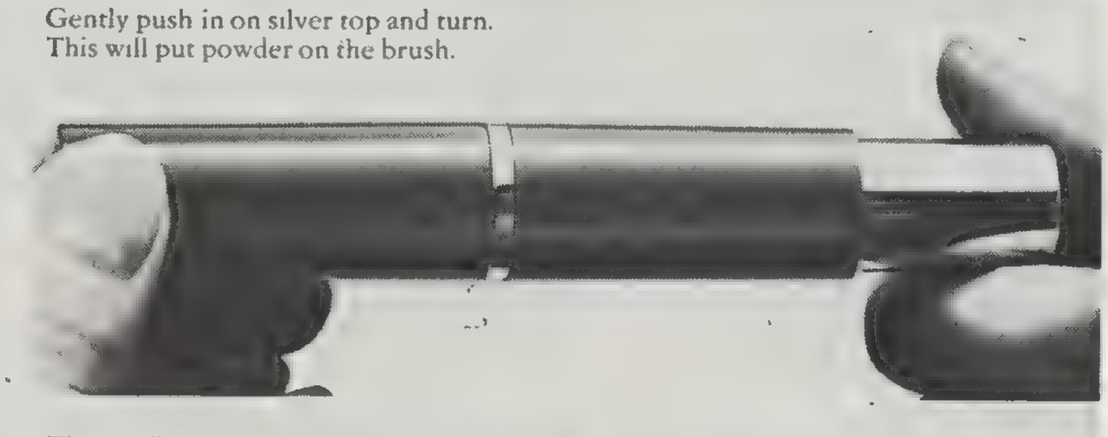
Colors that are sheer and soft and gentle enough to give you the fresh blush.

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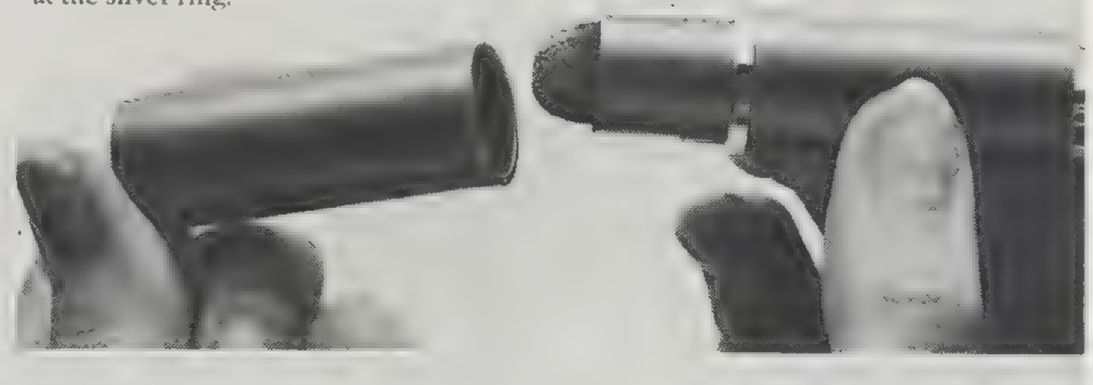
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The brush and blushing powder are all in one.



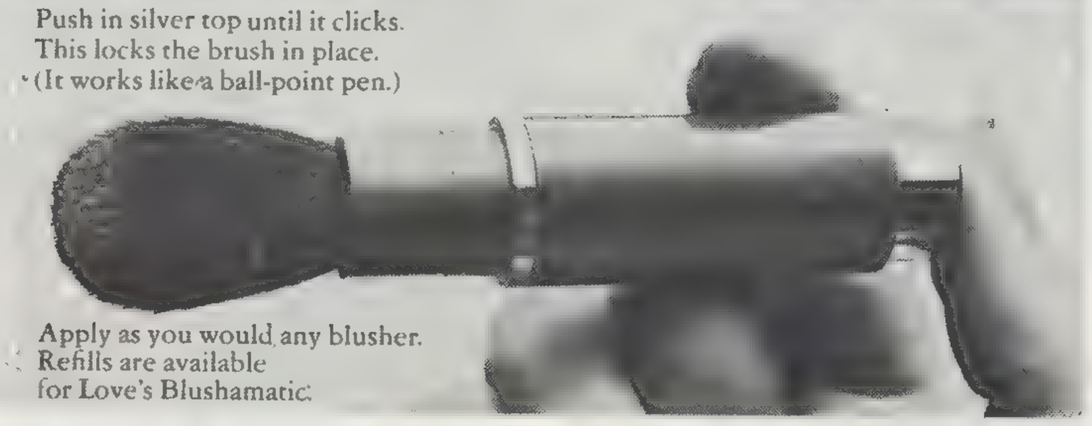
Gently push in on silver top and turn.
This will put powder on the brush.



Then pull to separate the blue sections at the silver ring.



Push in silver top until it clicks.
This locks the brush in place.
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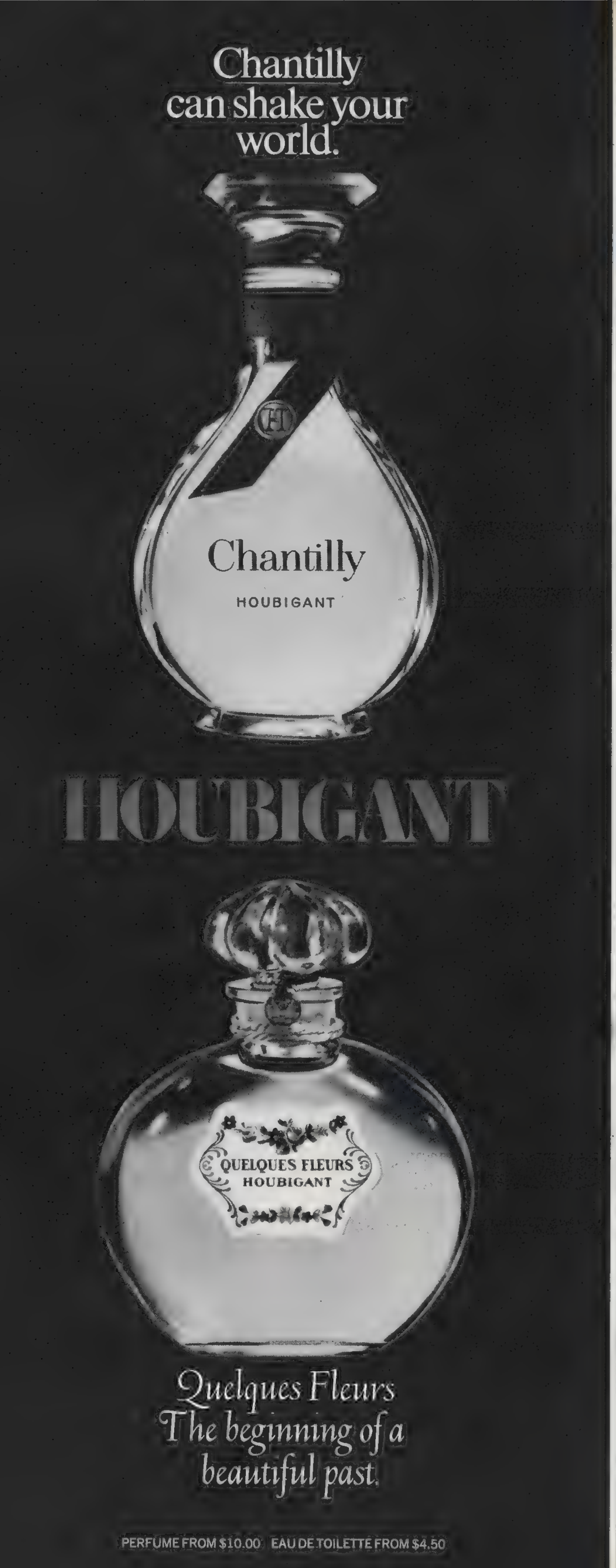
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VOGUE READY BEAUTY

Eyes—help for the lines of most resistance

If there's one new wrinkle nobody wants to be first with, it's the subversive one at the corner of the eye—or worse yet, under it. Elizabeth Arden's latest stir, Bye-Lines NightCare Cream, is so rich you can almost see it dissolve the creases, so gauzy it would be nearly undetectable even by day—none of that slicked-up Channel-swimmer look. . . . NightCare Cream is a perfect follow-up to Bye-Lines Under-make-up Wrinkle Lotion, the remarkable mixture of oils and astringents that does so admirable a day job of smoothing and suppling that treacherous territory all around the eyes. Works out so one need never go unprotected for a single hour out of any given twenty-four.

New fragrance—with a contemporary pitch

Flooding in on the April wind, a smell as fresh and restless and sensuous as tuned-up Rock—Fabergé's stunning new production, Music. Today's throb inspired it, permeates it, makes it electric. There are cologne, spray cologne, and whoffly-puffed dusting powder, done up in vibrant pink and orange, silver and black. The prices are clued to the young, but the reach is cosmic. Music has charms, whether your beat is Rock, Dixieland, or hot, sweet Swing.

Skin care—the French Connection

Coming to us straight from Paris—along with the conviction that a well-tended skin keeps a woman equally well-tended at any age—is an assembly of treatments from the gifted young chemist Pier Augé, who has built a successful Institute around his own superb beauty products. The Augé creams are grouped under the name of Ental, the lotions and liquids are called Leapsal, and all are compounded of naturally derived ingredients combined to maintain a balanced normal Ph factor, fine up the pores, and encourage a silky, baby's-cheek elasticity. Ental Savon springs to mind—a miraculous soap-cream cleanser that is equally considerate of all areas of the body and face. Another prize is Ental Rimser, an anti-wrinkle number with the flow and texture of liquid satin. The makeup—all of it light, elegant, and imaginative—is also naturally-ingredienting and feels delicious on the skin. At Saks Fifth Avenue stores around the country.

(More Ready Beauty page 46)



Thick-tossing, slow-motion bouncing, hair he wants to bury his face in—that's what Europeans love. And why they adore things Pantene.

Because the exclusive Swiss Conditioner in Pantene embraces each hair, hugs it firmly, tenderly; helps your hair have the look of health, natural radiance.

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THE WORLD'S FIRST INSTANT-ACTING FACE MASK!

It Disappears - No waiting
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Like no other mask you've ever used! The "PICK ME UP" Instant-Acting face mask. Spray a 'poof' on your hand—apply it—watch as it wakes up your face — as it chases away fatigue lines firms and moisturizes!

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No more face-stretching, pulling or tugging—the marvelous white foam is smoothed on in seconds — and disappears in minutes.

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VOGUE READY BEAUTY

The new mascara—you comb it on

In the mascara department, cakes, creams, brushes, roll-ons are all old friends. Now from Max Factor, a brand-new one—an automatic comb-on mascara. Called the Lash Maker, the lashes it makes are longer, thicker, and fuller, thanks to a tiny comb with tiny teeth that separate as they color. And you get those fringe benefits a lot faster—one dip in the bottle puts enough color on the comb to do the entire job. Also newsworthy—the mascara itself, which is proofed against smudges, smears, tears, and weather. Six shades to choose from: black, brown, brownish-black, plus dazzly navy blue, plum burgundy, and midnight green (a current rage in Paris). All very eye opening.

Simplifying skin care—new 1, 2, 3 routine

If you've wished someone would come up with a simple 1-2-3 formula for basic skin care—and who hasn't—there's good news. Alexandra de Markoff's cleansing trio—Formulas I, II, and III—takes care of your complexion just that easily. Number I—Formula Wash—is a gentle, pale-pink cream to use morning and night. It massages in, rinses off with water, takes dirt, makeup, flaky skin particles along with it. The follow up is number II, Formula Tonic, a tingly colorless lotion containing humectants to moisturize as it makes newly-washed skin glow. Once a week, after Formula Wash, you skip to number III, the bracing Formula Mask with gritty little grains to deep-clean and get at whiteheads, blackheads, and other skin impurities. Finish with a chaser of Formula Tonic. . . . Your next step could very well be Alexandra de Markoff's Alexana moisturizer and their Countess Isserlyn makeup—and you're ready to face the world.

The scent for summer—light but lingering

Some of Mother Nature's best delights are unexpected—like a sudden sun shower on a warm summer's afternoon. Just as welcome, just as refreshing—Prince Matchabelli's Sun Shower, the newest member of their fragrance family. It's a light, delicate, natural scent—the kind we can't seem to get enough of these days. But where other lights may fail—when it comes to staying power—this one comes through with flying colors. Sun Shower has been specially primed to linger deliciously hour after hour after hour—which keeps you in a permanent cloud of wildflowers, lavender, tangy citrus. Four ways to take a Sun Shower—spray or splash-on cologne, a moisture-rich body lotion, silky powder—all wrapped in bright, sunny yellow—naturally.

"For the woman who wants to look younger—

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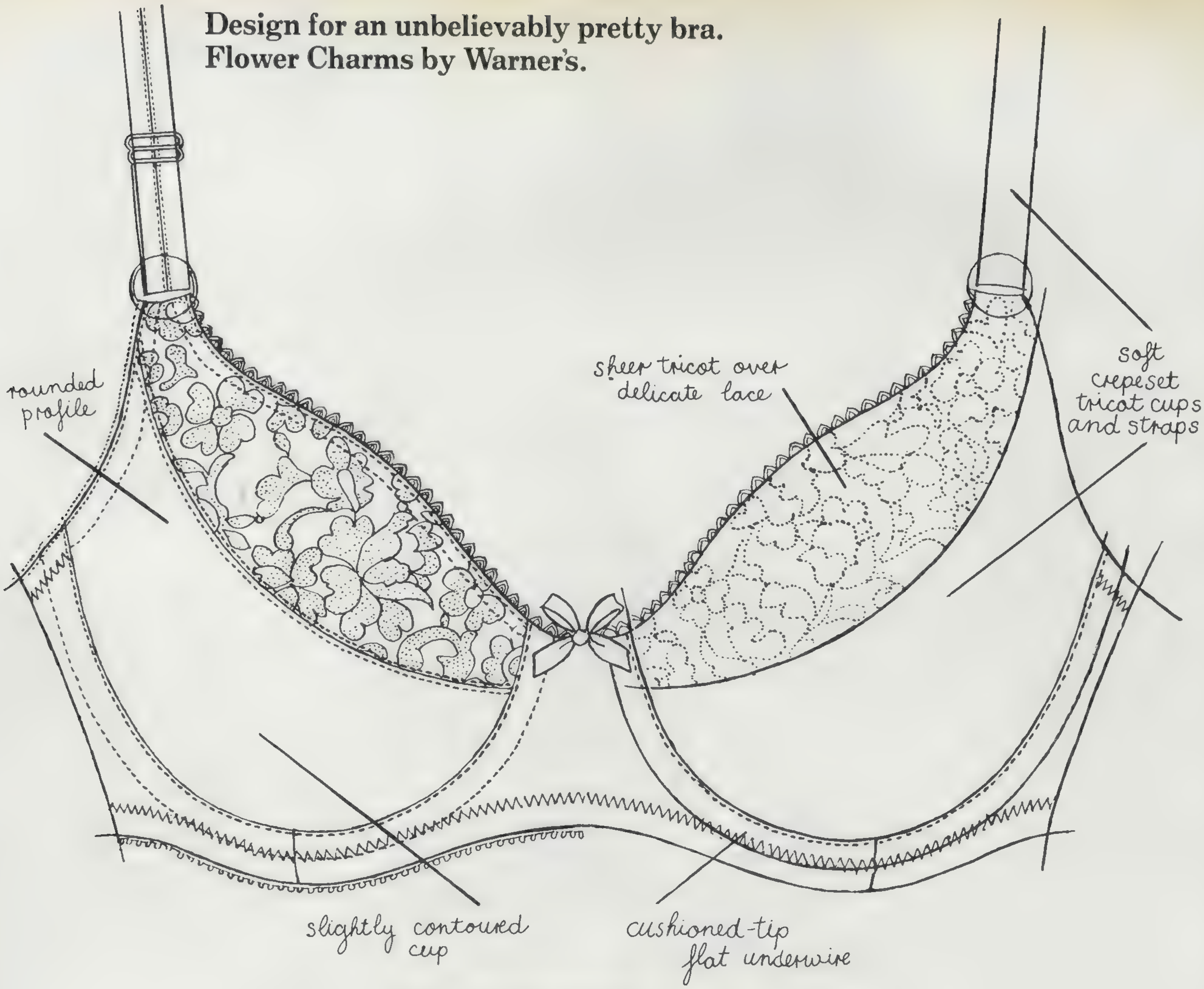
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VOGUE BEAUTY CHECKOUT

Tips from the Chér-ished—how one great-looking girl cares for her skin, nails, and four basic faces

"I got you, babe" could apply to Chér's feelings—not only for Sonny, but for her skin-care man as well. He is Dan Eastman, whose salon is in the Beverly Hills Health Club on Santa Monica Boulevard, in California—and she credits him for her beautiful skin which seems never upset by her busy TV-life on "The Sonny and Chér Comedy Hour" that calls for a lot of makeup under hot lights. Chér loves makeup, has fun with it, likes to experiment. "My makeup is definitely lighter now," she says, "that's the big change. I'm always changing it, but I have four basic faces—an orange one, a brown one, a red one, a pale one, and I keep makeup for all in four separate travel kits." Back to the Eastman treatments—his routine for Chér, given whenever she has time, starts with deep cleansing and massage, to sluff off dead skin and bring up circulation. Then come his special packs and moisturizers that he mixes up in his own blender to suit her particular needs. "Everyone goes to him," says Chér, "a lot of movie and stage people, and he makes a world of difference." So, if you're ever in Beverly Hills and want your star-quality recharged, remember Mr. E. and mention Chér's name. . . . About her nails, there's another Chér-ished caretaker: Minnie Smith, also in Beverly Hills, on Canon Drive. Minnie's specialty is lengthening and strengthening real nails (see her handi-work on Chér's real nails, page 142), also produces Minnie Nails which are fakes. Chér goes to Minnie for weekly nail care, currently wears a color-mix of L'Oréal polish—Million Dollar Red with a dash of Burgundy. . . .

Skin & Hair—two beauty treatments you couldn't have had last year

Recently—could spring have caused it?—our Beauty Buff got more enthusiastic than ever. Figured one good beauty treatment deserves another so, upon hearing of two from France now at Bergdorf Goodman—one for face, one for hair—decided to have them both. Headed, first, for a small curtained-off corner at the back of the street floor, known as the ***Orlane Institut de Beauté,*** where remarkable facials are given by Mme. Caroline Cordin who gives her clients a lot of savvy French pampering. (She assisted, for fifteen years, in the work of her husband, a leading dermatologist in Monte Carlo.) "After settling me into a reclining chair," said our B.B., "Mme. Cordin turned scientist and—with the help of clever machinery and special Orlane products—went to work. First, analysis to determine skin type (any of six are possibilities, with treatments to match), done by machines that measure the skin's condition and moisture; my face was a combination—oily middle, dry sides. Programmed, then, in blissful succession: Deep cleansing, with cream and herby steam spewed from a little hanging contraption. The Extractor, a tiny vacuum cleaner to lift out cloggings and blackheads. A masque to refine pores. A nap—delicious. A tissuing off. A refreshing moisturizer. A fond adieu, with me wearing, in Mme.'s words, 'ze skin of ze baby.'" . . .

Face now in hand, our B.B. went up to the ***René Furterer clinic*** on Bergdorf's seventh floor, to get equal pampering-time for her hair. The Furterer system, already famous in France where it started, deals with various hair problems—thinning, limpness, dryness, oiliness, breakage, fallout. All their treatments are organically compounded from fresh fruits, herbs, vegetables. Again, treatment started with analysis by machinery—the Microvisionneur Projecteur—which reported dryness in B.B.'s hair and scalp. Then, a feast for this condition—massage with a stimulant made of pollen, animal protein, fruit and vegetable extracts, and a secret substance that produced a warm tingle. (An oily scalp would get a masque to decrease the oil, then a sort of mud pack to protect hair cuticle, give hair liveliness.) Shampoos here come in pairs: first one to clean, second one to revitalize—this stays on ten minutes. Very oily hair gets a last rinse with fresh-squeezed lemon juice—the supreme squeaker. After the treatment—her hair now glorious, and set by a Bergdorf stylist—our Beauty Buff was heard to say, "I feel great, look great, ready to lick my weight in daffodils." . . . (The Furterer system is available now in over a dozen Glemby beauty salons around the country.)

Your lips deserve more than a paint job.

That's why there's Oil of the Turtle in my remarkable new Moisturizing Lip Color in a Brush.



"I've put lustrous liquid color and deep-moisturizing Oil of the Turtle into an extraordinary automatic colorbrush. Right into the brush.

So you get more than just brilliant color. And more than just a better way to apply it. You get a whole moisturizing treatment for your lips.

With a flick of your wrist, vivid creamy-rich color flows on, as my Oil of the Turtle penetrates deep, deep down beneath the surface.

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And all ten vibrant new shades contain Oil of the Turtle. The natural, unsaturated oil with a remarkable resemblance to the special skin oils a woman is born with. So don't just brush beauty on. Brush it in. With my new Moisturizing Lip Color in a Brush. After all, beautiful lips should be more than skin deep."

Polly Bergen

Oil of the Turtle.
To help a woman's skin
lie about her age.

VOGUE BEAUTY CHECKOUT

The full body treatment Bringing out your head-to-toe best is the idea behind Body Works, a bijou of an exercise salon opened recently by Ursula Kalish and Debby Blank. Frank Wagner—who's also modern-jazz maestro at The International Dance School—has trained a batch of Body Works instructors to teach his Isolation exercises when he can't be there to do it himself. These exercises isolate different parts of the body, toning and firming lackadaisical muscles—and relaxing tense ones. The classes, like the salon, are small—about six per—and co-ed if you like, with special classes for teen-agers, pregnant women, early-risers. Classes run all day every day through Saturday. Ten once-a-week one-hour classes cost $70; twenty twice-a-week, $125—with a free trial encouraged. Since Body Works lives up to its name, you can get massages and facials here, too. . . . 14 East 60th St., New York; (212) 758-5772.

Home-grown yogurt and other healthies Where have all the vegetables gone? Into a delicious new paperback by Linda Maull and Nancy Fair McIntyre called *Getting It All Together—The Down to Earth Cookbook* (Gala Books, $2.95). It's a real nutrition trip into cooking for good health and good karma (no proselytizing, but the girls can't resist remarking that if you eat unwisely, you lose your wisdom as well as your waistline). The recipes are all organic-based and mostly vegetarian, but they cover every conscience via options of chicken, fish, and shellfish. And some recipes get right down to basic ingredients: from bean sprouts to peanut butter. And this recipe for yogurt, along with a caution—and instructions—to sterilize containers. . . . "Heat 1 qt. of milk to lukewarm temperature. Stir in 2 Tbsps. of store-bought yogurt to use as a starter. (Once you make your own yogurt, save a little to use as a starter for the next batch.) Stir milk and yogurt until well blended; pour into sterilized container and cover. Set container in a pan of hot water until container is submerged to within a few inches from the top. Let stand for 6 to 8 hours in hot tap water and replace water as it cools off. When milk curdles and solidifies like a creamy pudding, it has turned to yogurt. Chill before using."

Do-it-yourself beauty retreat Good grief! can summer be far behind? It's time, obviously, to ready yourself for it—and the time to take is forty-eight hours. A weekend is just right for reviewing, renewing. . . . You need privacy—and lots of good records and books. . . . Start off by taking a good long look at yourself in the mirror: hair, face, figure. See what needs doing, and do. . . . Take off your nail polish and leave it off all weekend. Buff, and dip into cuticle cream. . . . Take off your makeup and leave it off (exceptions below). Cleanse thoroughly: use a deep-cleansing masque each day; include neck, shoulders, hands, arms. Wax or depilate as needed. Use an abrasive to smooth elbows, knuckles, heels. Soak in a tub loaded with emollients. Then slip into a good allover moisturizer and a bit of gloss on lips and eyelids. If possible, walk naked around the house; air the body. . . . Brush your hair well; shampoo, condition, and let it dry by itself. . . . Get going on that exercise pattern you've been putting off. . . . Stick to a liquid diet all weekend (900-calorie Carnation Slender's nifty); this will pre-condition you for a lengthier stint of calorie-counting. . . . Between Agatha Christies, play with makeup. Try out all the colors you've been timid about. Experiment with darks and lights: shade down too-too features, highlight good ones. Look at yourself objectively. . . . Get lots of sleep. Catnap when you feel like it. . . . And behold! Amazing, isn't it?, what two days of concentrated beauty effort will do for your looks—and for your spirits.

(More Beauty Checkout page 54)



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It's springtime, happy thing time. Time for all the showery shine of Frances Denney's new Rain-washed Gels: Lip Sheen Gel...Cheek Sheen Gel... Eye Sheen Gel...and sensational Lash Lengthening Gel too. Colors clear out of a rainbow, deliciously bright, clean, sheer. Misty shimmer like wet April mornings the moment the sun shines through. With makeup like this, you've got the whole thing about spring right here.

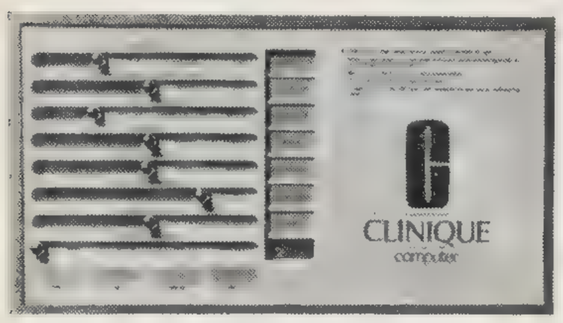
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VOGUE BEAUTY

How to hair condition FOR SUMMER

Don't let this summer turn into a hair raising experience. Sun, wind, water, and heat not only play havoc with your skin but your hair as well. Problems go from bad to worse: curly hair gets kinky, straight hair collapses, oily hair gets that way faster, dry hair parches. Short of going into reverse hibernation, a good carefully planned offense —starting now—is your best defense. First line thereof—and most basic—shampooing, which, according to a noted dermatologist, is still "the single most effective means of keeping hair groomed properly." You'll have to do it more often—what with salt and chlorinated water, gooey sunscreens, the hot weather stickies. Not to worry. As long as you do it right, you can lather up every day. And lathering up doesn't mean washing the life—and all the natural oils—out of hair. Use a gentle, non-detergent shampoo (baby, castile, herbal). Suds only once unless you have a terrific oil problem. . . . Brush up your brushing—according to some experts, 100 faithful strokes may be overdoing a good thing, but don't swing too far in the opposite direction. Your hair needs it. Start with a good natural-bristled brush (one brush that works well—pure boar bristles by Medicis). . . . And make the strokes count by brushing properly—pick hair up from the scalp by rotating the wrist in an outward movement. Use long even strokes going from the scalp all the way to the end of the hair, working against the way you usually wear it. Avoid brushing if hair is wet (when it breaks most easily). . . . Input department—healthy hair needs a healthy diet. Cut down on protein—the very stuff of hair—and it suffers the consequences. If meat's not your dish in warm weather, make it up in eggs, fish, cheese. . . . Wanted: the best conditioners. Now, more than ever, these are your hair's best friend. They cut down on hair-breaking snarls and the flyaways caused by static electricity. If they have protein, they make hair seem thicker and help fill in split ends by giving it a nice coat of body. A good one of this kind to ask your hairdresser for: Redken's Climatress. . . . Color changes—hair that's been color-treated tends to oxidize and fade—faster in summer than winter. Let your hairdresser give it a lift with Something Else, also from Redken—a new organic-based temporary rinse that comes in a rainbow of fun-for-summer shades. . . . End result, shown below—healthy shining hair with bounce and body. And you won't see a prettier sight than this tossing in a summer breeze.



P.S. More summer conditioning—this time for a long graceful line of neck. The way—toning and firming muscles of same by the Nicholas Kounovsky stretch here, from his exercise guide, *The Joy of Feeling Fit*. Cover one fist with the other hand and, pressing against your chin, move head up and back. Inhale. Still pressing your chin against your fists, move head forward and down, *shown left*. Exhale. Neck should resist the pressure of your fists each way.



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ITALIAN LETTER

(Continued from page 30) dian factory worker storming against the assembly lines of heavy industry, or the "great white father" of the Italian state oil industry simultaneously preparing to attack his own government and the international gas monopoly, Volonté looms as an exceptional actor, unequaled and without precedent in Italian theater or films.

Volonté's icy post-expressionistic violence is in clear-cut antithesis to the best contemporary European traditions of interpretive understatement, from Laurence Olivier and Jean Gabin to Marcello Mastroianni. The first analogy that springs to mind is the more "instinctive" of the American *monstres sacrés* of the 'thirties with their violent "critical" temperaments, as well as the early acting days of Burt Lancaster, Marlon Brando, Richard Burton, and Richard Harris. In actual fact, however, one has to go back to Eisenstein in the end, to his first strident unforgettable sets and his disturbing synthesis of epic revolutionism with expressionism revisited. ▼

TRANSLATED BY JEAN V. NAGGAR

RUSSIAN HERO

(Continued from page 36) lofty vision of womanhood and Russia fused into one enchanting woman.) Solzhenitsyn's women are always real—never idealized. Nor do they ever incarnate Russia. Rather, Solzhenitsyn sees Russia through his simple Russian men—Ivan Denisovich or Colonel Vorotyntsev's charming, patient orderly. In *August 1914* Solzhenitsyn's soldiers, his peasants are exciting and alive and so are the officers whom the writer has remembered with profound feeling since his own days as an artillery captain in World War II.

Solzhenitsyn's passion for Russia past and present combined with a scientist's organized mind (he is a mathematician) and a certain practical sense acquired during his years as a *zek* (prisoner) in a camp made it possible for him to conceive his novels, to write them down, to be heard. His books are an act of faith. They proclaim a man's right to be free and spiritually fulfilled, even in ill-fated Russia. He is one man speaking in the name of millions, one of Russia's greatest heroes. ▼

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VOGUE MONEY

Taxes going down

–WILL HOUSE PRICES GO UP?

BY SCOTT BURNS

In his book *De-Schooling Society,* Ivan Illich wrote: "It must be clearly understood that the hidden curriculum translates learning from an activity into a commodity—for which the school monopolizes the market." If education is a commodity, the local property tax determines its distribution. Wealth and education—or "knowledge capital"—mutually reinforce social divisions. The social reformer faces a circular problem in which the local property tax is the link between wealth, education, and social stratification. Last August, the California Supreme Court delivered a landmark decision: the local property tax as a source of school funds is inappropriate and unconstitutional. The decision rests on the fact that some districts have more taxable property than others. In the words of the decision, "affluent districts can have their cake and eat it, too; they can provide for a high quality education for their children while paying lower taxes. Poor districts, by contrast, have no cake at all."

Within forty-eight hours, two similar suits were filed in other states. At this writing at least twenty suits are pending. The property tax is a fiscal tool whose time has passed. The average white-collar worker saw his real-estate taxes increase 115 percent during the 'sixties. In 1960, property taxes absorbed 9 percent of the average white-collar worker's income; in 1970, these taxes absorbed 12 percent. He responded by refusing to pass school-bond issues: the total dollar volume of bonds passed fell from about 80 percent of those offered to just over 40 percent in the same years. The cities were trapped between a tax base that grew only 1 percent a year while their need for revenues grew at 16 percent a year. But even suburban enclaves felt the pressure, because exclusionary zoning prohibited industry. The tax burden had to be carried by private housing rather than spread over a mix of property.

Abolishing the property tax as a source of school funds does not reduce the cost of public education. The money will come from another pocket, probably through an increase in state taxes and a federal value-added tax (a "low profile" sales tax). The multitude of separate school districts has enabled educators to diffuse the problem of accounting for benefits versus costs. The Sanctity of Education has been an article of liberal faith in which the resources of the local community have been sacrificed to its schools. Like love, public education has required unmeasured giving. The centralization of revenues at the state and federal level will bring this to an end and cause the rationalization of expenditures. The final mechanism for allocating these revenues will, no doubt, be less than perfect. But almost anything would be an improvement on local property tax.

Some idealists read in the reduction of property taxes the end of communities in which people are isolated by age or income. This is not very likely, because one of the side effects of eliminating the educational component of the property tax may be to inflate the price of suburban land and housing. Suburban districts usually spend two-thirds of their revenues on public education, while urban districts spend one-third. This means the monthly cost of suburban housing could be reduced by as much as 20 percent; while the cost of urban housing probably could be reduced by no more than 10 percent, thus increasing the relative demand for suburban real estate. Lower taxes may result in higher prices; the barriers to socio-economic integration may remain, though educational funding is improved. ▼



Makeup Design by Serge Lutens.

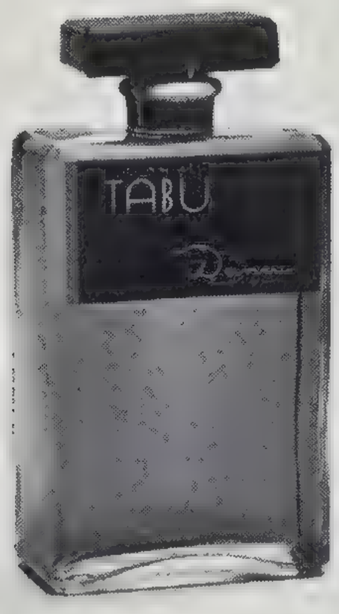
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VOGUE BOOKS

Love in the skies:

"BRING ME A UNICORN" BY ANNE MORROW LINDBERGH

BY MARGARET COUSINS

Few American romances have more fevered the public imagination than that which culminated, in 1929, in the marriage of Miss Anne Morrow, diffident middle daughter of Ambassador and Mrs. Dwight Whitney Morrow, to Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh, then the unrivaled National Hero. Actually, the public had little to go on. The love affair took place behind a wall of privacy, natural to both principals and made possible by the prestigious position of the Morrow family. Forty-three years later, many of the details have become available in *Bring Me a Unicorn: Diaries and Letters of Anne Morrow Lindbergh 1922-1928* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). With engaging candor, youthful Anne Morrow traces the progress of her attraction to a man who, she has said, could not have been more alien to her circumscribed world. From her succinct judgments and girlish bewilderment emerges a unique portrait of the American Eagle as a young man.

Similarly, these compositions, especially the diaries, evoke the nascent writer. They reflect the inherent qualities, the ponderable influences, the spirit and will of a woman who, without benefit of the economic spur or the faintest inclination to celebrity, has achieved a literary career. "Whatever I'm doing, it's always there, an ultimate longing there saying, 'Write this—write that—write—' " she confided to her diary in 1927, "and I *can't*. Lack ability, time, strength, and duration of vision." The years have disproved her.

But of primary interest in this volume is the re-creation of a way of life—a defined, pristine world of privilege that now seems more remote than the recently explored craters of the moon.

Anne Morrow, born in 1906, was a child of the twentieth century; but she came to maturity in a milieu more nearly Victorian. Member of a close-knit, profoundly affectionate family circle—with galaxies of grandparents, aunts, uncles, and cousins—she grew up in the small town of Englewood, New Jersey. The Morrows were idealistic, religious, straitlaced, bookish, and introspective. Her father was a brilliant lawyer, international financier, and diplomat; her mother, a vital, gregarious woman, tirelessly devoted to the causes of education. The Morrow children—Elisabeth, Anne, Dwight, and Constance—were exposed to aggregations of distinguished minds, to the benefits of intercontinental travel, to standards of taste and excellence in every area, to all the advantages of civilized wealth and power. They lived in a benevolent sphere dedicated to individual flowerings, to interpersonal relationships, to orderly progressions and disciplined achievements. If a distant cacophony of developing science and raw new social implications could occasionally be heard, it was no more than the rumble of summer thunder.

Irresistible as this world appears, it was not the best of all possible worlds to Anne Morrow. Faced with attending Smith College in the wake of her beloved and diligent mother and her beautiful and brainy older sister, she chose Vassar; but she did not win. Immured in Smith and the mold of family tradition, she was beset by the unrelenting necessity not of excelling but of measuring up. Hostile to haste and pressure, deeply responsive to nature, yearning for solitude, she reiterates in this book her passion to slough off the feckless details that clutter her life; but she continues to do what is expected of her. Consciously or unconsciously, she suffers the pangs of a middle girl in the family hierarchy. (Continued on page 68)

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VOGUE MOVIES

The woman wins—IN SOME NEW MOVIES, NEW HEROINES

BY MOLLY HASKELL

The neatest Women's Lib peripeteia since Katharine Hepburn turned the tables on Spencer Tracy in *Adam's Rib* occurs in the recent movie of *Such Good Friends.* It is a profound psychological victory for the heroine, played by Dyan Cannon, but handled with a quiet casualness appropriate to a woman's defecting from a world of male values and coming into her own. Dyan Cannon has already discovered, through the "kindness" of a friend, Ken Howard, that her husband was having an affair with Howard's mistress, the model played by Jennifer O'Neill. As her husband lies dying in a hospital, she comes upon a little black book containing a record, in code—dates, names, positions, how often—of her husband's assignations with her best friends. Stunned, she meets Ken Howard in the hospital cafeteria and enjoys her first taste of revenge by showing him the book. She is relishing the prospect of showing it to Jennifer O'Neill, not, as Jennifer assumes, her husband's one and only, but one of many.

Ken Howard says "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned!"

Dyan Cannon thinks for a moment—maybe about times she has been called a bitch, times she has been one. "No, I'm not going to show it to her," she decides. "I don't want to be a woman whom hell hath no more fury than."

Ken Howard's hand is out in a flash and over the book. "Well . . . ," he says, "I'll tell her."

Cannon looks at him, astonished. "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned, all right," she says quietly, rising to go, "especially if she's a man."

As Dyan Cannon relinquishes the book, we see the onus of "bitch"—the onus of not playing the game "fair and square," the gentleman's way—being lifted. And as Ken Howard reaches for the book, we see that the female bitch has been doing duty for the male, scratching other women's eyes out so he can keep his fingernails clean.

The woman who has gained this knowledge is a fearful opponent. She can no longer be sent back to the cage with curses, nor can her image be sentimentalized or eroticized. She is not the film industry's most popular heroine. (An astonishing number of films in the last ten years have pushed an all-male or male-centered mystique.) But she has made a few significant appearances in recent films; and, unlike the tough heroines played by Bette Davis and Joan Crawford, she does not sacrifice her soul for a man or a mess of baby food in the last reel.

Carrie Snodgress's wife/mother in *Diary of a Mad Housewife* chooses an extramarital affair not out of love or out of revenge but out of exasperation. She has no illusions about her priggish husband and her obnoxious children, and she feels no obligation to protect either them with lies or herself with the rationale of sacred duty.

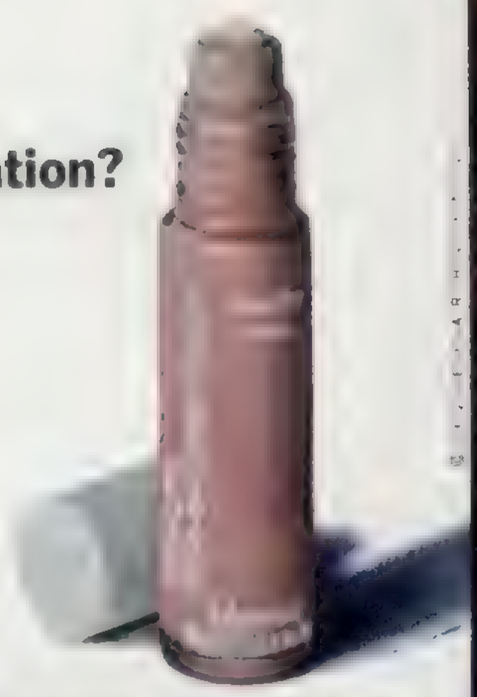
In *Wanda,* written and directed by Barbara Loden, the wonderful cracker heroine played by Barbara Loden leaves her husband and child without a pretense of grief or a backward glance and chooses the path usually reserved for men: that of the drifter on the road of life. When she takes up with a bank robber, played by Michael Higgens, it is he who fusses over her and is dedicated to improving her appearance. This role (Continued on page 68)

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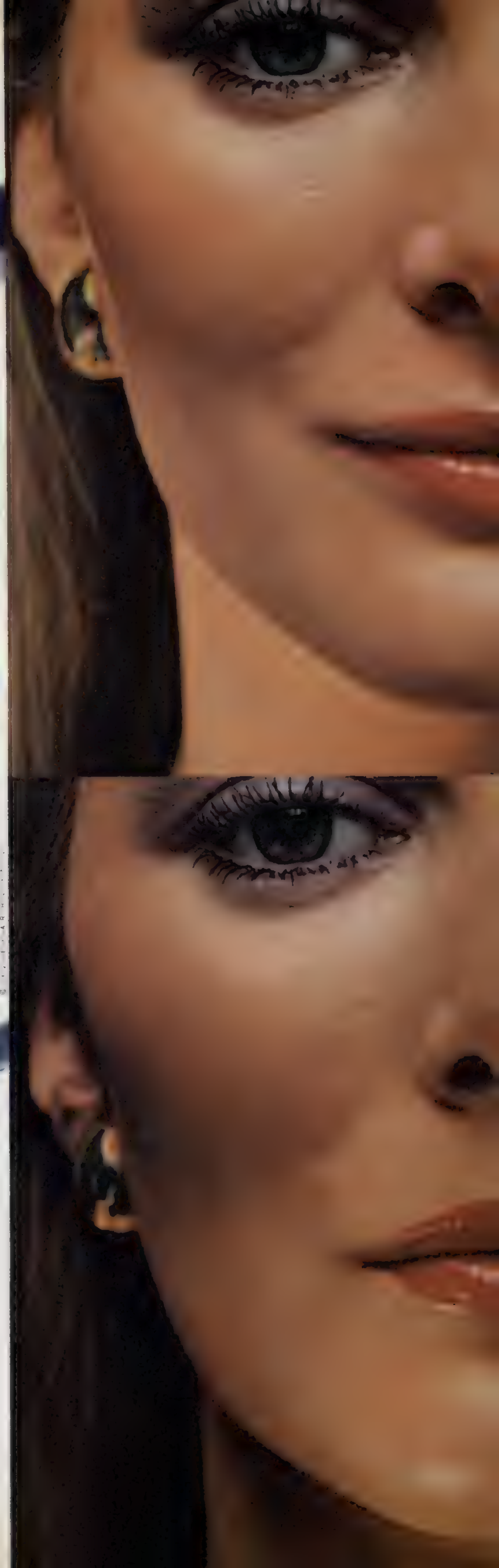
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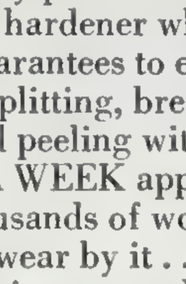


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VOGUE BOOKS MOVIES

Anne wrote: "It was intense pleasure and real, so real!"

BOOKS (Continued from page 64) Sheer horror at her discovery that she is able to experience sibling rivalry drives her to transports of helpless love and admiration for the objects of her envy. Impatience with social small talk and boredom with a procession of what she terms "nice" or "mediocre" boys convinces her that she will never marry. Her world, such as it was, was too much with her for the achievement of the perfection she coveted.

Perhaps Anne Morrow's pervading appreciation of nature first led her to an interest in aviation—her love of the sky and the stars, of the lift and curve of a bird's wing. (It seems likely that her curiosity about airplanes preceded her curiosity about Colonel Lindbergh.) She had a compulsion to fly. While still an undergraduate at Smith, she persuaded a stranger—a barnstorming pilot—to take her aloft in the open cockpit of one of those fragile crates that presaged the air age, having previously demonstrated intelligent interest in the mechanics that resulted in the plane's being airborne. The experience produced ecstasy—escape into the windy blue that put the world into perspective. But it could have been more. She wrote: "It was intense pleasure and *real, so real!* Because I had it *alone,* and it was my own responsibility. It was not handed me on a silver platter and taken for granted. I *made* the effort to get it and it was *mine—my utterly possessed experience.*" The italics are hers. ▼

"Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned, especially if she's a man"

MOVIES (Continued from page 66) reversal is echoed by another writer-filmmaker, Elaine May, in her comedy *A New Leaf.* (Elaine May, incidentally, was the uncredited screenwriter who adapted Lois Gould's novel into the screen play of *Such Good Friends.*)

In one of 1971's greatest and most neglected films, *Deep End,* Jane Asher plays an attendant in a seedy London public bath. A sensual and smart young woman with few illusions, she has divided her life between job, fiancé, and lover—each inadequate or soul-destroying alone. Into this setup comes a boy several years younger (John Moulder-Brown) who, falling for her desperately in the manic way of first love, imposes on her the fantasies and ideals of his innocence. First possessive, then obsessive, he insists on an image of purity directly counter to the harsh reality. In a brilliant tragic ending he finally kills the thing he loves precisely because he loves not the thing itself but his illusion.

Jane Fonda gives the definitive portrayal of the antiheroine in *Klute,* a mixed-bag thriller centering on the psychology of Fonda's prostitute. A would-be actress, she turns tricks not only to support herself but to keep emotional control of her life. She abrogates the conventional movie dichotomy between the nice girl and the not-nice girl, between toughness and vulnerability. Turning tricks is less than nothing sexually and spiritually, and its relation to crime is made all too clear—but as the prostitute putters around her messy little apartment, her hours and her thoughts are her own. In resisting both falling in love and turning on sexually, she epitomizes a woman's knowledge that in sex and in love she surrenders more of *her* self than a man does. ▼

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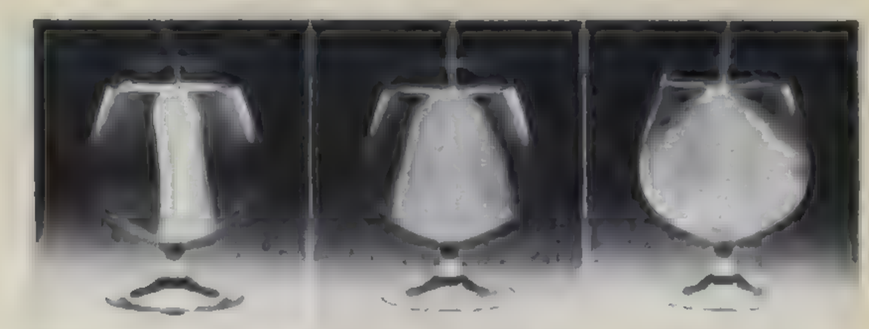
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In three short months over one million women have discovered that nothing protects the way the improved Playtex® Tampon does.



This self-adjusting action really works.

Over one million women so far and more every day. Chances are you'll want to switch too once you discover for yourself how the improved Playtex Tampon protects you.

It actually takes on your shape
See it self-adjust to duplicate the glass's inner contours? That's how it custom-fits your own inner contours. That means maximum protection against leakage.

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The more you flow, the more it expands and absorbs. Lab tests prove it's 45% more absorbent on the average than the leading tampon. Makes mishaps unlikely even on your first or second day.

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It's gentle, flexible plastic. Less likely to pinch than cardboard. You can even adjust the tampon inside the applicator, and insert it in the way that's most comfortable for you.

This month, prove to yourself what more than one million women know already. With the improved Playtex Tampon you never had it so safe.



Self-adjusts to protect you better.

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© REDKEN LABORATORIES, INC. 1972

Redken PHinal PHase. The creme rinse that solves snarls and restores radiance.



Your hair is often unmanageable after you've just washed it. Snarls, tangles, and even knots.

Redken's PHinal PHase changes all that. It removes those tangles and leaves your hair manageable and with body.

Because it's naturally acid balanced and full of protein, PHinal PHase Creme Rinse is compatible with the natural state of your hair. It helps restore your hair's youthful, silky radiance.

PHinal PHase puts back into your hair what your active life may have taken out. You probably expose it for hours to the sun. Or, because you want to look fashionable, you follow beauty's trends. You change the color of your hair. Or curl it. Or straighten it. And those bleaches or chemical solutions can rob your hair of some of its natural vitality.

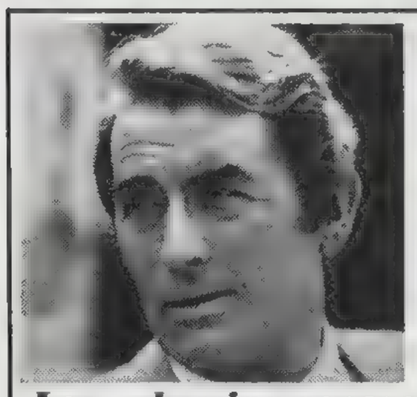
No one knows how to restore the flowing beauty of your hair better than professional hair stylists. That's why they are using more and more PHinal PHase (as well as all Redken products—from Amino-Pon "K-11" Shampoo to P.P.T. "S-77" Protein Reconditioner).

Redken believes that the science of beauty should be dispensed by the well-trained hair stylist. That's why you won't find our products on the supermarket shelves. Look for the complete line of Redken products—from our Beauty Bar nonsoap to our Moisturizing Lotion—at your own salon. Or look for the Redken beauty mark in your local yellow pages under "beauty salons". For further information, write Redken Laboratories, 14721 Califa, Van Nuys, California 91401.

R REDKEN The Scientific Approach to Hairdressing

VOGUE HORO-SCOPE

BY MARIA ELISE CRUMMERE



GREGORY PECK was born April 5, 1916, when the Sun was in the first Fire sign—Aries—and Jupiter (good fortune) and Mercury were there, joined. This combination gives him physical and emotional awareness, quick simultaneous responses. The film star's ruler, Mars, was in loving Leo—showing generosity. On his chart, the angle of the unique planet Uranus (which occupies the fame sign, Aquarius) to the Moon and Venus (both in Taurus) tells him when to walk away, to stand apart. He has an inner strength, held in rein by his intellectual exclusivity, and is sustained by the protection of lucky Jupiter.

FROM APRIL 1 THROUGH APRIL 15

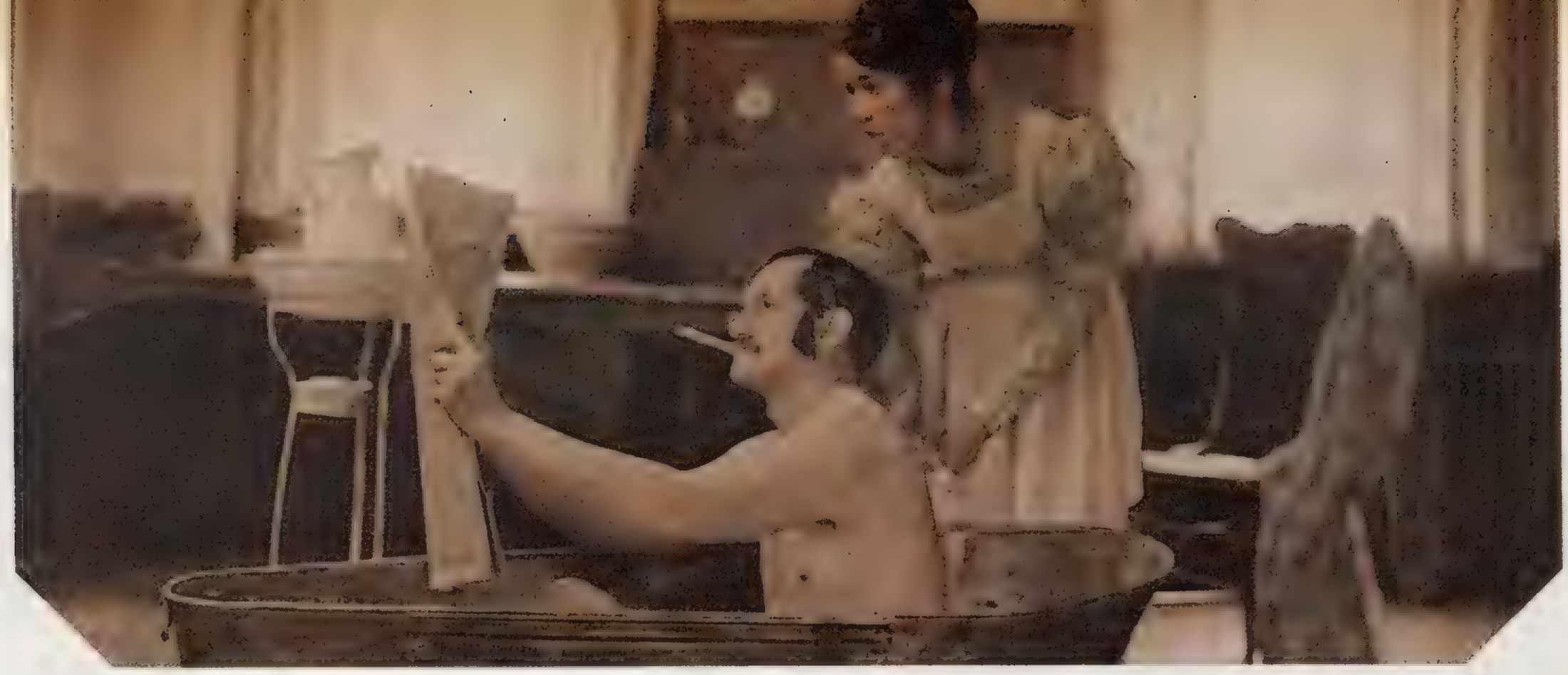
ARIES, March 21–April 19. Arians function best when their personal identity is expressed through the demands of the moment. The Cardinal signs are singularly concerned with the present: yesterday is forgotten; the future depends on the handling of today. Mars, your ruler, is joined in Gemini by Saturn now; this may slow you down and keep you from promising too much. Allow an associate to advise you; sign nothing.

TAURUS, April 20–May 20. The Taurian's impulse is to extend the self through possessions. Venus, your ruler, now in Gemini with Saturn will intensify this attitude through these two weeks. Pressure for response will yield little; there is a peculiar atmosphere of uncertainty about values. Count a refusal as a blessing; anything that Saturn (time) is holding up now would not prove useful to you for the future.

GEMINI, May 21–June 20. The Geminian's overwhelming urge to communicate on all levels is the quality that leads to success. No one is more distressed than you are when you "can't get through." Especially now, while your ruler, Mercury, is in the "starter" sign, Aries, you will have substantial ideas to offer. But Mercury is retrograde (not moving), so you must work underground, preparing research for a project in the future.

CANCER, June 21–July 22. In spite of the extreme sensitivity of those born in Cancer, they find the atmosphere of groups in the home or social scene comforting; it insures their well-being, strengthens them for accomplishment. Fire and Air signs are occupied now; your Water sign seems neglected. Jupiter in your seventh house of partners means you should ally with others who will offer stimulus or opportunities.

LEO, July 23–August 22. Those born in Leo—the sign of the lover—can communicate freely, as can all Fire signs. You show your stability in sharing and giving of yourself, are stimulated by being involved. Your ruler, the Sun, in Fire Aries signals a time to pioneer; four Air signs are (Continued on page 72)



In 1907, Maggie Trude discovered that the best time to sneak a cigarette without her husband finding out was when he took his bath. Mrs. Trude insisted he bathe at least once a day.



You've come a long way, baby.

VIRGINIA SLIMS.

Slimmer than the fat cigarettes men smoke.



Regular: 17 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine—Menthol: 18 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. '71

Fashions by Georgio di San Angelo



formula 405: for skins that weren't born yesterday

Most skin creams and moisturizers are only fair weather friends. Which means they keep you young-looking while you're young. Radiant while you're in your first bloom. But add a few years and these creams no longer perform their magic.

formula 405 is much more than a fair weather friend. This rich night cream contains deep-acting, hydrophilic* elements which the epidermis absorbs. Consequently, the retained moisture "fills out" the many lines and wrinkles caused by moisture deficiency while natural oils nurture and soften the skin. **formula 405** contains no hormones and is hypo-allergenic.

For half a century, Doak Pharmacal Co., manufacturers of dermatologics exclusively, has been one of the most respected names in the field of skin care. Working closely with leading dermatologists and biochemists, Doak invested five years in the research and development of **formula 405.**

More than pretty words and promises, **formula 405** is the scientific night cream which helps your skin look younger in just 10 days. **formula 405**—For skins that weren't born yesterday.

*water-loving

DOAK

IF NOT AVAILABLE LOCALLY, SEND $5.00 TO:
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DON'T LIVE WITH YOUR BULGES!



Those lumps or bulges that look like fat but do not disappear with dieting are probably caused by *cellulite.* These cushions of "fat-gone-wrong" can be found on the thighs, buttocks, abdomen and inside the knees—on 8 out of 10 women, thin or heavy—regardless of age.

Here's how to test for *cellulite:* ripples will form when the skin is squeezed between thumb and index finger. Advanced *cellulite* are doughy dimpled patches of flab.

For the first time in America a firm, taut figure and the freedom of a beautiful body IS possible with custom-designed methods uniquely for *cellulite* bulges.

SALON TREATMENTS

The Salon treatments (available to residents within the New York metropolitan area) are based on scientific and mechanical means of breaking down the *cellulite* lumps. For this purpose, Mme. Ronsard utilizes European-developed machines; one emits a pressure-controlled stream of warm air that is directed to the areas being treated. Another enacts an automated suction massage. Circulation is stimulated and *cellulite* loosened for elimination. The effect is pleasant and relaxing.

The *cellulite*-controlled methods being pioneered in America by Mme. Ronsard are earning quickly the same praise and success they have always had in Europe.

For consultation in New York, for Salon treatments, just phone **(212) 535-8550**

AT-HOME METHOD

Nicole Ronsard, international consultant and body contouring expert, featured in leading magazines, is offering through her New York Salon *only*—the exclusive body toning method that has *achieved permanent loss or prevention of flab and lumps.*

This at-home course is yours for just **$20.00 Ppd.,** a fraction of the Salon fee!

Just send your check or money-order, and you will receive Mme. Ronsard's 6-point program. It includes a 64-page illustrated booklet, four enlarged picture charts, precise easy-to-read instructions with tips on nutrition, exercise, relaxation and massage techniques.

Nicole Ronsard

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VOGUE HOROSCOPE

(Continued from page 70) occupied showing many channels of publicity open to you now. Sell, but do not sign, until Mercury moves during the second half of the month.

VIRGO, August 23–September 22. Virgo is the sign of those who like perfection. You are a specialist in whatever you do and delight in being best at your craft. Now—since Saturn, Mars, and Venus are all in Gemini at an angle against your sign and since your ruler, Mercury, is retrograde (not moving)—you should accumulate for the future. Jupiter in friendly Capricorn gives ideas; save them until the "go" sign.

LIBRA, September 23–October 22. Librans seek relationships that reflect the level of their growth. Unless their associates are functional, their own inertia prevails. Uranus in your sign now and three planets in Air Gemini work to publicize your projects. New friends offering new programs should be cultivated. Organize and promote these popular plans now while your sign holds the public limelight.

SCORPIO, October 23–November 21. Though Scorpio signifies change, your ability to cope with change sometimes surprises those who deal with you. You may resist and fight to perpetuate a relationship, while revising your own nature. Your ruler, Mars, in Gemini now encourages practical ideas for the community. You should stay on the fringe, until Mars finds support at the new moon.

SAGITTARIUS, November 22–December 21. Since Sagittarians depend on experience to grow, each event helps them toward maturity. In spite of your seeming sophistication, there is a naïve undercurrent; you are always vulnerable. Now that your ruler, Jupiter, is in the "old wise men" sign, Capricorn, you are ready to assume responsibility. During these two weeks you take on leadership to bring Jupiter's luck to full flower.

CAPRICORN, December 22–January 20. When the Capricornian is ambitious, emotion is eliminated. You resent most those who waste their time in useless social amenities that lead to nothing. Your sign has Jupiter as a tenant now; this is a time for personal rewards. Use this period to confirm the terms of your private pursuits, before Jupiter goes retrograde, bringing your ideas to a standstill. You can revive the plans later.

AQUARIUS, January 21–February 19. The Uranian Aquarian (one born with his ruler ascendant) dislikes appeasing individuals' personal strivings. You do not like to limit your view to one instead of the many. You feel socially secure when allied with others in group action. Your ruler, Uranus, in Libra and both Mars (promotion) and Venus (production) in Air Gemini harmoniously insure group support for your pursuits.

PISCES, February 20–March 20. If Pisceans could put their inspired thoughts into immediate action, much would be accomplished. You tend to mull ideas over, with fear of the unknown factor harassing you at every step. Your ruler, Neptune, in Fire (extroverted) Sagittarius promises public interest in your offerings. Three planets (Mars, Saturn, Venus) polarized to your ruler offer many chances for publicity.



Vanity Fair Leg Fashions presents a new name in bodywear: Vanity Fair.

And it's all quality—from its stretchy nylon fabric, button-up front to its convenient snap closing. Team our Sailor Suit, made in four sizes, with Vanity Fair Leg Fashion's color coordinated sandalfoot Opaque Panty Hose. Vanity Fair Leg Fashions and Bodywear. Available in hosiery departments of fine stores everywhere.

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VOGUE TRAVEL

Uni-spas:

RESORTS HERE AND NEAR MAKE MEN AND WOMEN FEEL AND LOOK GREAT

BY DESPINA MESSINESI

The new message at spas, sounding loud and clear, is a healthy dedication to looking and feeling great while having a good time in the process.

CALIFORNIA. Going to La Costa Resort Hotel and Spa in Southern California, many Californians band together. Instead of living in the spa's grand hotel, they share a villa. In the daytime, the house party splits up; some choose the tough but rewarding get-fit spa routine; others go all out for sports—golf, tennis, bicycling, riding in the green hills, swimming and fishing in the Pacific. Recharged and glowing, the group re-groups for dinner.

Like musical variations on a theme, La Costa's spa score lists such a wide choice of treatments and exercises and different ways of doing them that they preserve the appeal of newness. Several kinds of massage and different heat treatments, a gym with masses of equipment—machines to improve the golf swing, to add speed to the tennis game. The proof of each day's benefits comes with the weighing-in and measurements taken and recorded before and after. No fooling around. Special: the Orithion multi-therapy table said to do great things for your skeletal structure.

At La Costa, two people sharing a double room may be on different schedules: one on the Spa program, the other just getting away from it all. The Spa-plan guest pays about $60 a day with diet meals; the second room occupant, about $40 for the room and two meals.

From Los Angeles, La Costa is an hour's drive south; from San Diego's airport, a thirty-minute drive north in a La Costa limousine. For details, write Rancho La Costa, California 90028; telephone (714) 729-9111.

FLORIDA. Smack in the middle between Palm Beach and Miami at Pompano Beach is the new Spa at Palm-Aire. It stands not far from the sea in an oasis of golf greens and palms and is part of the World of Palm-Aire, a resort complex of hotels, villas, and condominium apartments spreading over seven hundred acres.

On arrival, all spa-goers meet with a doctor and a nutritionist to work out their regimes. Routines at this luxurious body workshop—in the sky-lighted massage room or under the sun, in hot and cool pools indoors and out, in the gym, in whirlpool baths, in the beauty salon and barber shop, and at a health bar that serves calorie-counted juices—may run through the day or be worked in with free time for sports. Special: loofah bath, a body scrub with a loofah (rough-textured mitten made from a dried plant) and a special soap that stirs the circulation.

There are four golf courses, six tennis courts (two for night games), horseback riding, and a shuttle bus to take the guests to the Barefoot Mailman Beach Club on the sea for swimming as well as for nondiet meals of fish.

People on diets sit at tables marked with place cards in a diet-dining room where no liquor is served. The calorie-counted dishes are delicious. Each evening, guests order from a special menu for the next day.

Unlike European spas where the cures are usually prescribed for a fortnight or twenty-one days, Palm-Aire has programs tailored to the guest's time. Weekend programs—four days and three nights—are attractively priced from April 10 to December 17. During that time, a weekend spa routine with the works—loofah scrubs, water and land exercise classes, facials, massages, yoga, herbal wraps—plus greens fees for three rounds of golf, diet meals, tennis, swimming at the beach, and pleasant rooms at the Palm-Aire hotels or at the Barefoot Mailman Hotel, for each person sharing a

(Continued on page 76)

Share a bottle with a face you love.

Your mother. Your daughter. Your sister. Best friend. Boy friend. How about dear sweet dad.
Since you love these people, share your bottle of Ten-O-Six® Lotion.
Spread the wealth. Or at least spread the word.
How it keeps faces looking terrific. Because it's preventative medication.
How it cleans better than any ordinary soap. Unclogs pores and tightens them.
Because it's nothing like soap. It's a deep antiseptic cleanser.
How it helps clear up pimples and blemishes. Because it's an original doctor's prescription that's been working for over 30 years now.
How it helps turn oily skin back to normal; problem skin back to smooth.
Ten-O-Six Lotion. That's a lot of love to give. And to receive.



Bonne Bell Ten-O-Six® Lotion
for Honest Skin

Feminine Sprays vs. Norforms

(Or, a spray a day can't keep internal odor away!)

7:36

Before dressing for work, you use a feminine spray. That takes care of odor...you hope!

7:36

Today, you try Norforms,® The Internal Deodorant.™ Just insert —that's all!

8:22

You're running late. Oh, oh... what's that unclean feeling? You don't feel so fresh anymore.

8:22

Feeling fresh. Unlike sprays, Norforms work inside to stop internal odor where it starts.

9:14

Your boss looks at you and the clock. You can't believe the clock, either. Could feminine odor be starting so soon?

9:14

Norforms stop odor for hours. Yet Norforms are so safe and easy to insert.

11:07

Work and worry. You begin to suspect sprays may stop external odor but not the odor that starts internally.

11:07

You're going to keep on feeling fresh and worry-free with Norforms.

12:01

Lunchtime panic. Odor's still there. What do you do next?

12:57

Put the spray away. Now... where can I buy Norforms?



Stops internal odor no spray can reach!

FREE BOOKLET: "Answers to Questions Women Ask Most Often." Write: Norwich Pharmacal Co., Dept VO-204, Norwich, N.Y. 13815

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State_____ Zip_____

Don't forget your zip code.

np® Norwich Products Division, The Norwich Pharmacal Co.

VOGUE TRAVEL

(Continued from page 74)

double room, including the ride from Fort Lauderdale airport, comes to $154.

On one uni-weekend designed for couples, women spend the day doing the full spa bit; men concentrate on golf; and somewhere along the line the two team up for tennis, the beach club. The cost for each of two persons for this four-day, three-night health program is $129.

At the *very* new Spa Hotel which opened in March, each oversized bedroom has two dressing rooms and two bathrooms. Beginning April 10, the weekly rate for the entire program and sports for each person is about $450. For details write The Spa at Palm-Aire, 2501 Palm-Aire Drive, Suite #V41, Pompano Beach, Florida 33060, or telephone (305) 972-3300.

SOUTH OF MEXICO CITY. The handiest dashing Latin country is Mexico, our southern neighbor. Ninety miles south of Mexico City at Ixtapan, natural mineral hot springs gushing from the mountains are piped directly to the Hotel Ixtapan, a complex in a garden park. Mineral waters fill some ten outdoor swimming pools—three more are filled with filtered water—and the enormous pink-marble Roman baths big enough for two people in marble rooms. For one of the facial masks, Ixtapan mud is used. Special: exercises in mineral pools; double-good doings, single time.

An easy way to go to Ixtapan without fuss is the eleven-day tour programmed by American Airlines. Starting point is Mexico City's airport every Friday all year. Among the goodies included are six days of health and beauty, meals and rooms at the Hotel Ixtapan; stopovers and sight-seeing in Mexico City staying at the new Fiesta Palace Hotel. Here, Mexicans go to the hotel's Mexican restaurant for real Mexican food. All, for each of two people sharing a room, $355. In Mexico City, with the exception of one dinner, travelers pay for their meals.

From New York to Mexico City, round-trip fare flying in coach, $276; in first class, $360. More details from American Airlines offices.

BAJA CALIFORNIA, MEXICO. "We do our best to keep you busy," said Deborah Szekely, the dynamic doer behind the Rancho La Puerta, a health plant fifty miles southeast of San Diego at Tecate, in Baja California, Mexico. "It is strictly a health ranch, vegetarian, with many foods grown organically in the garden and a dark bread blended from whole grains and baked in an out-of-door brick oven."

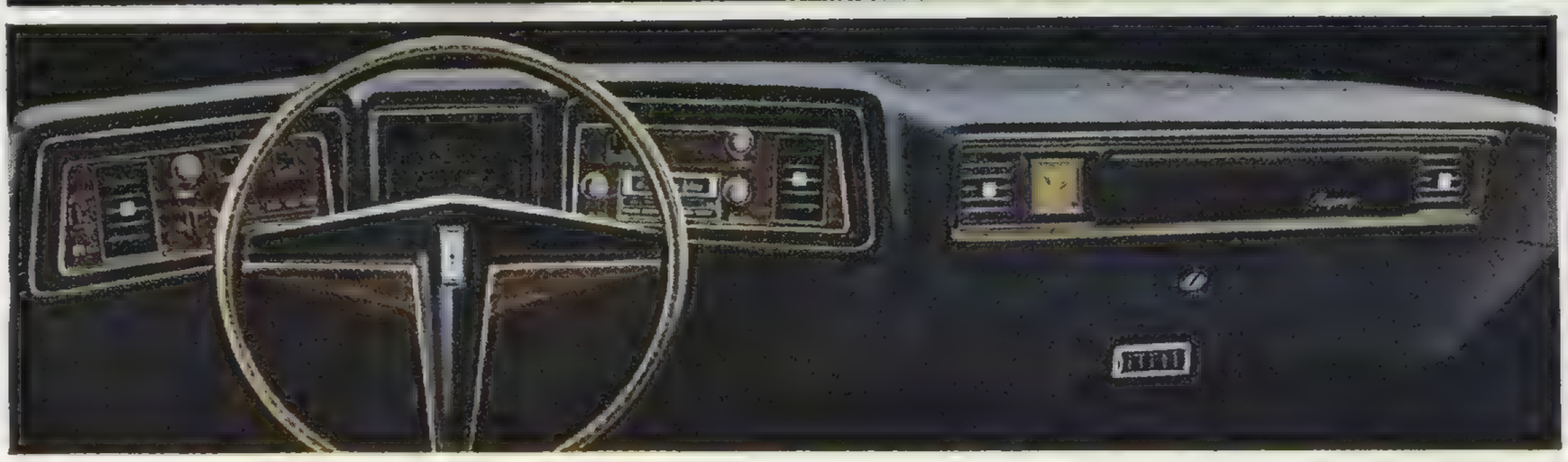
The thirty-two-year-old La Puerta keeps as current and fit as do its guests. "A new twist is limiting the guests to one hundred. More service for each one." New this season: two tennis courts, a third pool, every room with its own bath, and a dining room called the Fitness Room. "Dieters no longer feel punished and underprivileged. Everybody is on a daily one-thousand-calorie diet." Weight-gainers, a minority, get more. "The food is fabulous," said a recent visitor about her energy-expanding stay at the ranch.

La Puerta, a handsomely built adobe village, has been so skillfully laid out that guests cannot escape walking. Programs are paced from energetic workouts to passive ones. Men begin with a before-breakfast mountain climb, women with a less strenuous hike through vineyards. There are delicious moments: the Aztec Vapor Room, steaming with a brew of herbs in an iron pot; the sunbins, individual stalls on stilts with slanted walls to let in the sun; facials; massages; herbal wraps in sheets steamed with herbs. Special: Sumerian baths, lying in four inches of water in a concrete bath contoured to the body and turning over every four minutes. A marvelous hot-wet-sun bath.

Many Californians spend one long weekend every month at the Ranch, a pattern that keeps them in top shape. *Note:* La Puerta has charming Mexican baby-sitters.

Take bathing suits, walking shoes, jeans, sweater. All day, people wear La Puerta's blue sweat suits. Bed/sitting room with fireplace, for each of two, about $30 a day for everything. But you should tip lavishly. Write: Rancho La Puerta, Tecate, California 92080. ▼







The Limited-Edition Regency. A very special Ninety-Eight with the Tiffany touch to mark Oldsmobile's 75th Anniversary.

Today you rarely have the opportunity to buy a true limited-edition luxury automobile.

This year provides you such an opportunity: Oldsmobile's 75th Anniversary.

To celebrate becoming the first American auto manufacturer to reach this milestone, Olds is building a very special luxury car in limited quantity—the Ninety-Eight Regency.

The specially-styled custom interior with its "pillow effect" and velour upholstery is an example of its distinction and is available in black or covert.

And there are these very special Tiffany touches. The exterior is painted in Tiffany Gold, an exclusive custom metallic color created especially for this fine motor car. Even the face of the electric timepiece has been specially styled by Tiffany's, and bears the Tiffany name.

Each Ninety-Eight Regency is registered at Tiffany's, and each owner will receive a distinctive sterling silver key ring as a gift. If ever lost, the keys can be dropped in a mailbox, and Tiffany's will return them to the owner.

Finally, underneath all the things that make the Regency extraordinary, are all the other solid values you've come to expect from Oldsmobile. The limited-edition Ninety-Eight Regency. At your Olds dealer's now.



OLDSMOBILE NINETY-EIGHT. QUITE A SUBSTANTIAL CAR.

VOGUE HEALTH

What doctors say: "PREVENTABLE DISEASES ARE TURNING UP, UNPREVENTED"

BY MELVA WEBER

Your skin is special. A woman's environment is different from a man's; just by being female you can create your own set of hazards for your skin. When a woman has skin problems, Dr. Marjorie Bauer, a professor at the University of Southern California School of Medicine and a practicing dermatologist, looks for causes that only a girl runs into. You may be allergic to an ingredient in your cosmetics; often it's the vehicle, perfume, emulsifier, or preservative that causes your skin to scream. Cleaning products can irritate special people with their germicides or enzymes. Metal things that have nickel in them—brassière clasps, garter slides, snaps, or hooks—are often skin-vexers, too. If you cook, do housework, take care of children, attend to your washing up, you may be dousing your hands with water as many as seventy-five times a day, making them especially vulnerable to an unlovely condition sometimes called "housewife's eczema"; Dr. Bauer names it "impetiginized dermatitis." Environmental, my dear Watson. Wear protective gloves, ask your dermatologist which creams and lotions are friends.

Driven to drink by real problems, a woman may find drinking a problem, too. Dr. Mary A. Schuckit of Washington University's School of Medicine in St. Louis has described the woman alcoholic: the more stress she feels, the more she drinks. She is more likely than the alcoholic man to resort to drugs. Odds are fifty-fifty that she's had a broken marriage; they're one-to-two that she's now married to an alcoholic husband. When she marries, she's inclined to choose (or be chosen by) a man who is much older or younger than she. In any case, she often complains of sexual dissatisfaction. Depression is a frequent symptom among women problem drinkers, who now number more than seven hundred thousand in the United States.

Speaking heart-to-heart: The insiders' story on how to take care of your most vital muscle comes from the American Heart Association. Enough exercise, proper weight, low cholesterol diet, and no smoking all help. So do regular medical checkups that keep your doctor's keen eye on your blood pressure. Here's how to take emergency action when you—or someone else—has a heart crisis: The usual warning of heart attack is a feeling of heavy pressure or a squeezing pain in the middle of the chest, behind the breastbone. Pain may spread to the shoulder, arm, neck, or jaw. Sweating, nausea, and shortness of breath are extra danger signals. When any of these turn up—*act.* Call your doctor at once, or get yourself or the other person to a hospital emergency room. *Don't wait;* heart-attack victims tend to stall (for three hours, on the average) before seeking help. Recovery chances are excellent, once the patient is in medical hands; and trained emergency workers know how to carry on resuscitation until medical treatment starts.

Nine demanding doctors, the nation's top public health physicians, have formed an action committee with Dr. William Schaffner of Vanderbilt University School of Medicine as their moderator. Their target: public apathy toward vaccination programs. Though immunizations are available against measles, diphtheria, whooping cough, tetanus, polio, rubella, and mumps, a number of these preventables are turning up, unprevented; and real epidemics threaten. The medical activists want full immunization for children all over the country, especially in the inner cities, where the protection gap is widest now.

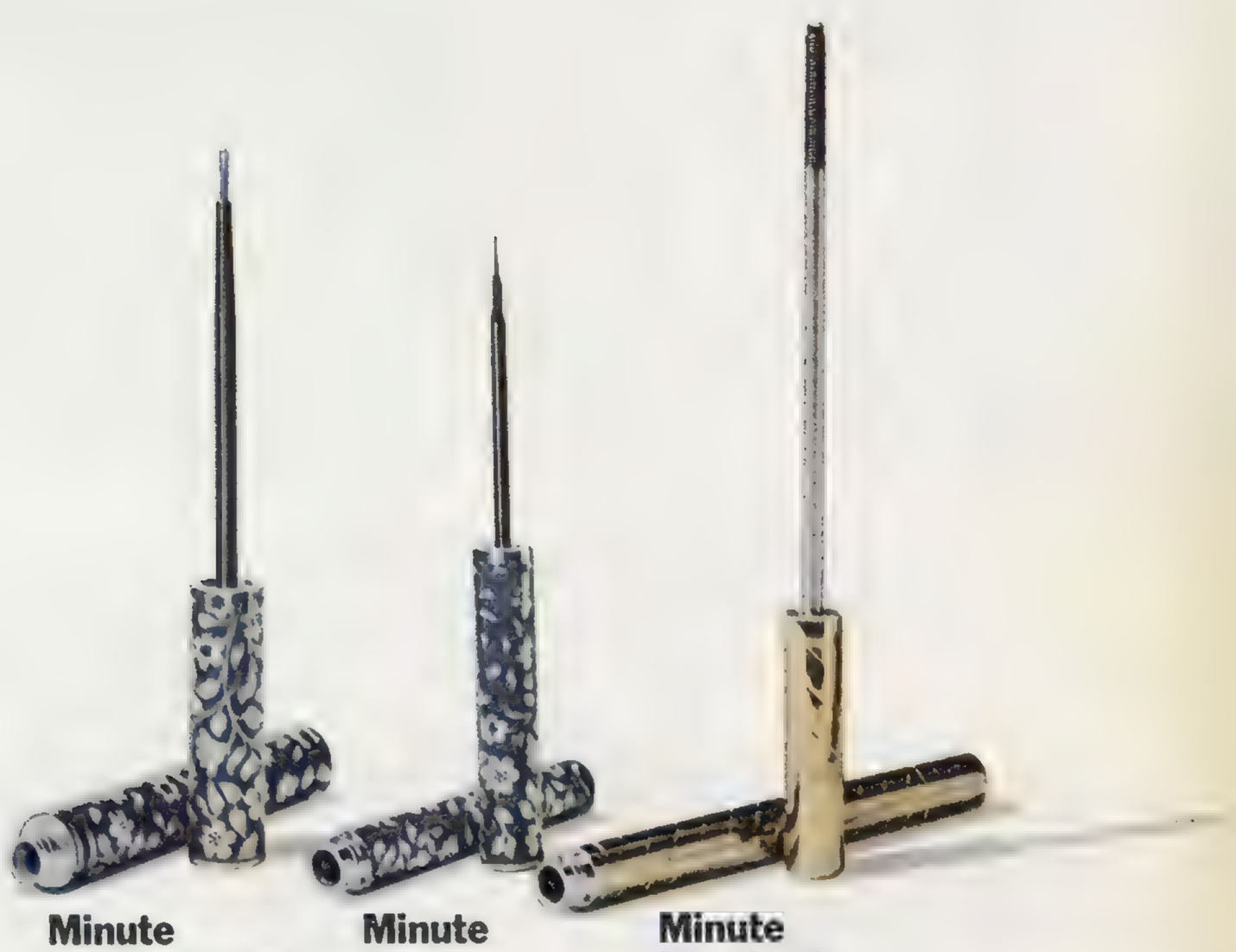
Cutting in on disease may be the dangerous sideline of your handy kitchen can opener. A family-practice doctor in Elgin, Illinois, Dr. Joseph G. Young, who has a passion for pathology, put under his microscope specimens swabbed from thirty-eight can openers used in public eating places and found that every single cutting blade had held clusters of disease-causing bacteria. Food left on the blade after one cutting catches and incubates wandering airborne germs, passes them on to the next can of food opened. Dr. Young wants mandatory cleaning and sterilizing of all restaurant and institutional can openers, especially of those in hospitals; and he suggests that health officers tracing outbreaks of food-borne infection should check out the can openers in the neighborhood. Not a bad idea to check out the blade in one's own kitchen, lest the cutter, not the butler, be the villain

Who controls your life? Should you have the right to decide for yourself whether you will or will not have a baby? A psychiatrist, Dr. Carol Nadelson of Harvard Medical School and Boston's Beth Israel Hospital, has reminded her medical colleagues that denying an abortion produces an unwanted child. In Sweden, 120 children who were born after their mothers had been refused therapeutic abortions were studied for twenty-one years (paired with a control group of similar—but wanted—children); among the un-longed-for children, psychiatric illness, crime, alcoholism, and public dependence prevailed. Studies of another group of 213 unwanted children showed many physical and mental impairments.

As for possible harmful effects of abortions on women, studies have shown little psychiatric disturbance as a result of abortion and usually only transient emotional problems. When state laws place the decision to grant an abortion in the hands of a board of physicians or psychiatrists, the guidelines—in Dr. Nadelson's view—are often unsound. Moral judgments, rather than medical data, may be the bases for granting or denying an abortion, whether the woman "deserves" to terminate her pregnancy or not. Or the criterion may be whether she must have an abortion or risk suicide or a violent upset. Dr. Nadelson thinks that the real question should be whether the woman should raise an unwanted child, to the child's peril. In her opinion, only the woman can answer that question.



**One eye took 14 minutes to make up.
The other took 3 minutes.
Which is which?**



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JILL KREMENTZ

Bright sparks for a young beauty



Alexandra Isles, her husband, Philip, an investment banker, their son, Adam, two, and Norwich terrier, Whimsey, live in a large light apartment scaled to the modern art Mr. Isles began collecting when he was eighteen. Alexandra, who understands using space to make people feel cosy and at ease, likes "plump soft furniture, delicious smells, flowers, music, tranquility," fills her house with them. **1. Family albums updated:** Adam adores to sleuth through the snapshots his mother tucks into special leather books, always finds his man, "Daddy!" Albums, M. M. Importing, 430 Park Ave., N. Y. The bronze table was made by Philip Laverne, 46 E. 57th St., N. Y. On it, a Pomodoro sculpture, a clutch of white hermit-crab shells, and a basket garden from Parrish Woodworth, 33 E. 65th St., N. Y. **2. Zoo's who on a vinyl wall:** Lucky Adam can crayon all over his striped yellow walls, but the giraffe was really silk-screened on clear vinyl first, then put up with its own glue backing. $25. Stick-on animals and flowers by J. Graves Hardenbrook, at Bloomingdale's, N. Y. **3. Sound in the round:** Music buffs, Philip and Alexandra have a good stereo system, but plan to improve it. Here, Alexandra tries twin speakers housed in white plastic spheres 25″ high, $1338.75. Designed and made in London by Albrizzi, who also makes the mirror-inset console.* **4. Backgammon anywhere:** It's a favorite Isles game so no wonder Alexandra beat Nicholas Bruen. That's how the game went on Albrizzi's beautiful folding Plexiglas board. In clear or opaque color combinations, $225.75. Clear Plexi X base, $115.50. The great foam cushions covered in beige Calypso Twist linen, 42″ squares, $141.75 ea. Bolsters, 18″x42″, $71.40 ea. All, Albrizzi, 979 Third Ave., N. Y.* **5. Wood for a gourmet:** Alexandra, a serious cook, buys all her salad bowls and cutting boards at The Bowl and Board, 222 E. 51st St., N. Y. **6. Beach glass under glass:** Alexandra beachcombs for pale jewels of sea-scoured glass, displays them in a covered crystal globe. 10″, $7.50; 16″, $16.50. Bonniers, 605 Madison Ave., N. Y. **7. Mini gardens everywhere:** An antique English plant stand with pullout steps holds plants in porcelain cachepots or chestnut baskets in front of a master-bedroom window. **8. In the dog house:** Whimsey loves her Portuguese wicker basket with checked gingham security blanket. She travels in it, too, top and door closed. 15″x25″, $55. Parrish Woodworth imports them, makes the pads. 33 E. 65th St., N. Y.

*THROUGH DECORATORS

Old lamps for sale.



The lamp in the center is, in a sense, several hundred years old. It was inspired by the stately candlesticks of the early Renaissance. Finished in distressed old brass, it is 37½ inches tall and costs $102.

At left, Stiffel's interpretation of a classical Georgian urn. This enduring design, rich in detail and accented in black enamel, is 39½ inches tall and costs about $106.

Late Renaissance Italian artisans created oil lamps in the style of the lamp on the right. Using bright old brass finish and electricity, Stiffel has updated this classic which stands 38 inches high and costs about $106.

Three perfect examples of the way Stiffel makes old lamps young again. Their prices may be higher in the South and West.

Stiffel

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White Shoulders

Evyan Perfumes, Inc.

Winterhalter Painting from the Royal Collection, Buckingham Palace, London

VOGUE OBSERVATIONS

What they're wearing at night . . .







Skin is in

The fashion for bare skin keeps creeping on—at every successive party, a little more skin is showing. At the dinner Berry and Marisa Berenson gave for Liza Minnelli, the star of "Cabaret": 1. Naomi Sims in Halston's slashed-away white crêpe. . . . 2. Liza Minnelli in her Halston black matte jersey pyjamas. 3. Scrumptious bare backs on Liza and Monique Van Vooren. 4. Model Amina in Stephen Burrows' backless shiny black jumpsuit.

Satin suits

At the Berenson girls' party for Liza Minnelli, two new evening pants looks—both in soignée satin. 5. Alexis Smith in complete man's tux from Saint Laurent Rive Gauche for Men. 6. Mrs. John Barry Ryan, III, rather Chinese-y in Giorgio di Sant' Angelo's smashing red pyjamas.



FOR BLACK-TIE DINNERS, DANCING PARTIES, SOME GIRLS ARE NOW WEARING A HAT— A LITTLE BLACK BERET SLIGHTLY SIDE-TILTED . . . IT LOOKS VERY NEW



Loopy necklaces—

the evening dazzler that everyone is wearing, each in her own special way. . . . 7. Kitty Hawks in the "family jewels"—cabochon amethysts and yellow sapphires. From Van Cleef & Arpels. . . . 8. Gloria Cooper in long ropes of jade, turquoise, ivory beads, objects she's collected for years. . . . 9. Marina Schiano's loops of tiny twisted red-and-black beads, authentic 1925 Chanel—a Christmas gift from Andy Warhol. . . . 10. Everyone, including Marisa Berenson, wanted to know about the dazzling necklaces Mrs. William Paley was wearing—glistening like a brilliant river, they were chains of dazzlingly inexpensive rhinestones found at Alexander's. . . . 11. Jill Goldsmith's wooden beads covered in silver tea paper were a find at the Chelsea Antique Market.

BILL CUNNINGHAM









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VOGUE OBSERVATIONS

SCOOP: The story of Andy Warhol's newest adventure!



Andy Warhol's decided he wants to be a party photographer. Every party he goes to, Andy brings along his bulky close-up Polaroid "Big Shot." This is the scene: Andy is, as usual, shyly quiet in the background. Then Schlick!!—1—Andy closes in on his subject. Who knows what Andy's got in the back of his mind or what he plans to do with the photographs, but naturally everyone likes being photographed by artist and cinema-maker Warhol. Here, four of Andy's first attempts. 2. Marisa Berenson. 3. Michael York. 4. Liza Minnelli. 5. Suzy, pretty society columnist. But, then, like any amateur, Andy has his failures. Look below—


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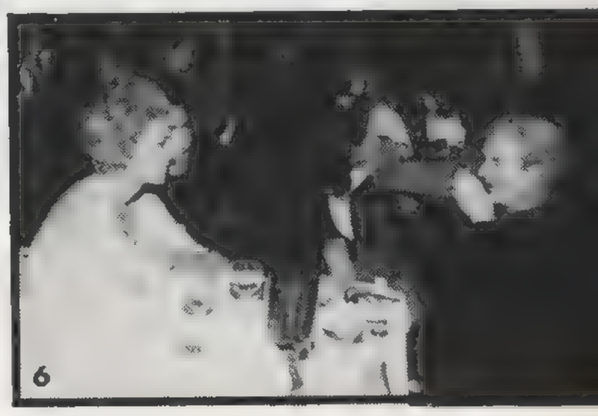

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ANDY WARHOL

Oops!

There was Mrs. William Paley, 6, posing patiently. Schlick! went Andy. Zip! went Andy. But, alas. The film was blank. Andy, or something, slipped. . . .


6

You can't miss it—

it shoots straight up—a giant block, fourteen stories high, on the corner of 86th Street and Lexington Avenue. It's the new Gimbels East department store—so fascinating, practical, and helpful to have a really big new store filled with everything from food to fashion to furniture up there in that residential area. . . . Below, a shopper in her middy shirt and red sailor pants found in the Gimbels East Keiko boutique. $50. . . .

The heel is four inches high on Saint Laurent's newest shoes. And there's something about what that does to you when you put them on— you feel—well, very feminine and girlish perched up there. . . . Saint Laurent also likes the classic spectator pump for this spring— makes them like this in ivory patent, the sole and heel of dark wood. $46. Bloomingdale's. . . .

It's something brunettes can do—

tint their hair aubergine, the luscious dark purply color of eggplant. It started in London where the girls are always adventuresome about coiffure color —designer Jean Muir's done it. It's hit Paris— Marisa Berenson is one who's done it. Now it's on its way to New York. . . .

Casandra

APRIL 1



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VOGUE BOUTIQUE

New faces in fashion

One of the nicest things about fashion is, there's always someone or something new coming around the corner. Here are some maybe future stars that are just beginning to shine—either as personalities or design talents. . . .



Ladieees and gentlemen—Miss Cyrinda Foxe!

Milky white skin, white-heat blond hair, apple-red lips, and curvy curves—Cyrinda is a re-creation of the 1950's movie vamp right down to the last gesture and posture. Discovered by Andy Warhol, who was fascinated ("Look at her! How can she know?—she wasn't even born in 1950!"), Cyrinda aspires to be a model and an actress and, of course, a star. Right now she gets around to all the parties in town, usually wearing something like this electric-blue metallic matte jersey number, poured around her in true Fifties movie-star style. It was designed for her by a friend named Dana, who makes clothes to order.





Trio of talent

Above, in the middle, is Nancy North, a new model in town. On the left, Bill Dugan who designs, and on the right, David Wolfson who produces the small, good collection of clothes called Anada that are sold at Henri Bendel. Nancy usually wears an Anada creation, as she is here, left, stepping it up with Bill at a snappy party. . . .

Hector goes off on his own

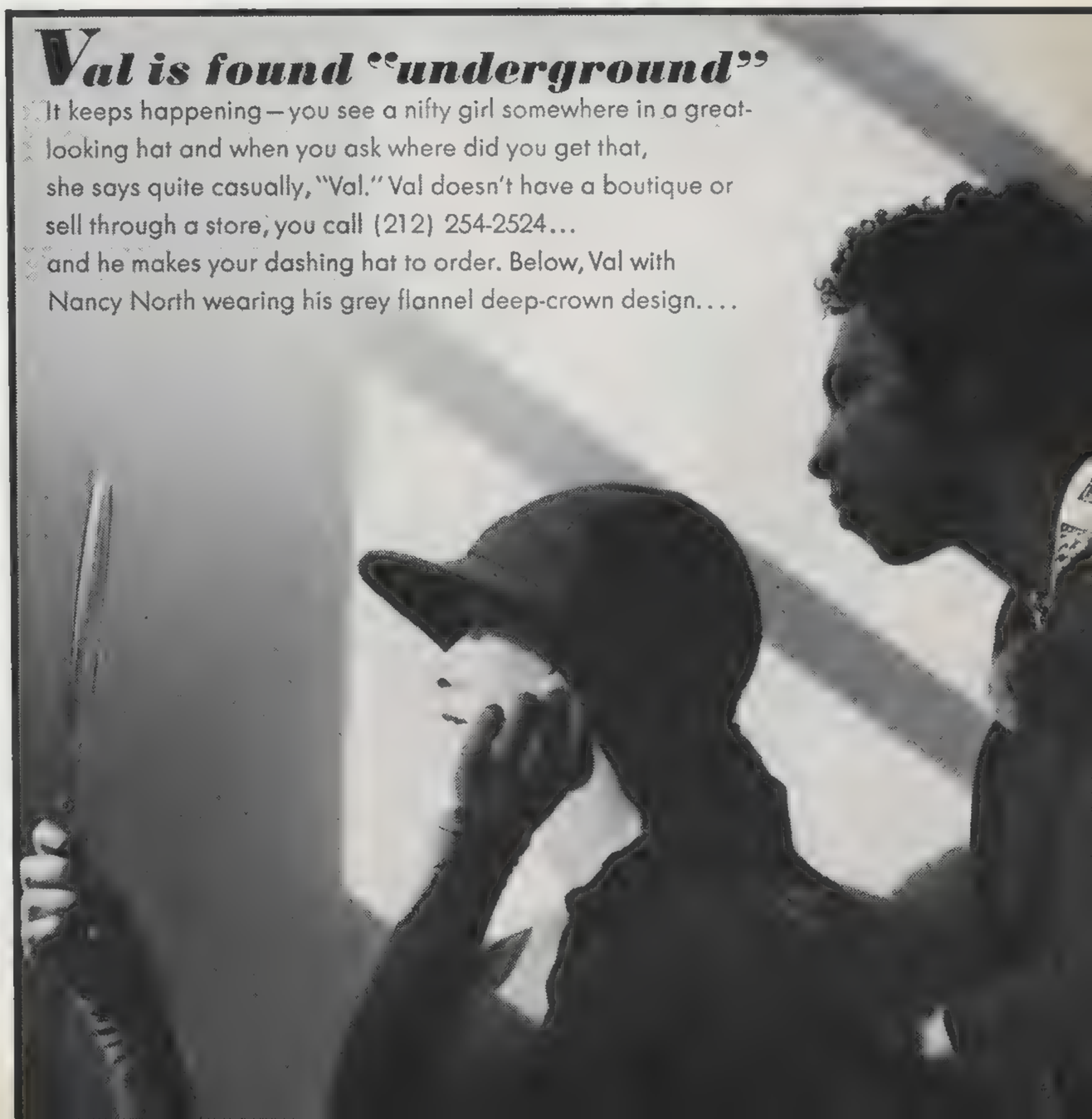


Hector Torres used to be Stephen Burrows' right hand, a specialist, especially in leather—now he's on his own, into all kinds of fabrics, making all kinds of clothes just for D D Dominick, 220 East 60th Street. Scattered around here, some of his work sketches; the clothes themselves will be at D D Dominick starting now. . . .

CHARLES TRACY

Val is found "underground"

It keeps happening—you see a nifty girl somewhere in a great-looking hat and when you ask where did you get that, she says quite casually, "Val." Val doesn't have a boutique or sell through a store, you call (212) 254-2524... and he makes your dashing hat to order. Below, Val with Nancy North wearing his grey flannel deep-crown design. . . .



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VOGUE EDUCATION

The museum as a study hall—EXPERIMENT IN SCHOOL-LESS LEARNING

BY BARBARA ROSE

For the last ten years, I have taught in American colleges and universities. Pained by the anti-intellectualism of the student counterculture, created in opposition to higher education's established goal of transmitting the values of Western civilization, I began to search for alternatives to the classroom situation. I am sympathetic to today's student assumption that to be a certified "liberal artist" is meaningless in our society. The classroom itself has become a context for bad faith. Coercing students to acquire knowledge in which they have no interest and for which there is no practical use at fixed times of the day *is* a form of tyranny.

Finally, I concluded that the problem was not with Western culture but with our outdated ways of communicating its ideals. Influenced by such works as Ivan Illich's brilliant book *De-Schooling Society* and Herbert R. Kohl's *The Open Classroom* and by studies in anthropology and psychology, I began to experiment with alternatives to the status quo. At the University of California at Irvine, I found a sympathetic Dean of Fine Arts, Clayton Garrison, and such colleagues as Robert Irwin, Larry Bell, Ed Moses, and Craig Kauffman—leading Los Angeles artists—conducting their own experiments by removing students from the conventional classroom.

Instead of teaching classes, I decided to turn the Irvine Art Gallery into an unstructured classroom where static educational exhibits could be combined with participatory events, performances, and information in various media. With the cooperation of Moira Roth, a Dada expert and Irvine professor, I planned a Marcel Duchamp exhibition and colloquium as a student group project. I gathered material in New York—memorabilia generously given by Duchamp's widow, documentary slides, and photographs of Duchamp—and interviewed artists close to Duchamp such as Bill Copley, Jasper Johns, his fellow Dadaist Hans Richter, and the Mexican poet Octavio Paz. Mrs. Roth coordinated student participation—including selection and installation of objects and media programming. Funds were virtually unavailable, so the students were our only staff. (Plane fare for scholars taking part was donated by one of my ex-Sarah Lawrence students, now Mrs. Clayton Rautbord of Chicago.) Among those from the East were artist Richard Hamilton, who reconstructed Duchamp's "Large Glass" for the Tate Gallery in London; museum curators Walter Hopps, Kynaston McShine, and Anne d'Harnoncourt; film critic Annette Michelson; and professors Robert Pincus-Witten and Jack Burnham. Joining the colloquium from the West Coast were Peter Selz, Paul Brach, Allan Kaprow, and David Antin.

Throughout the month there were lectures, symposia, and events by such pioneers of happenings as Alison Knowles, Simone Forti, and Allan Kaprow. Sculptor Tony de Lap performed a levitation of a human body in keeping with Duchamp's proposal "to strain the laws of physics." With reprints of "The Creative Act," Duchamp's call to viewer participation, in hand, students filled one side of the gallery with their homemade homages to Duchamp. Each evening it became harder to clear the gallery of students sitting and reading about Duchamp, listening to tapes, or watching slides and films including Duchamp's *Anemic Cinema* and Hans Richter's *Dadascope*, which shows Duchamp reflected in mirrors reciting his humorous puns. My feelings of success were high when the college newspaper headline proclaimed "Marcel Is Still Da Champ." ▼

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Shown here, left to right, from the collection:
Upper row, $250, $125, $160.
Lower row, $225, $175, $250, $280, $125, $225, $95.
Prices approximate.



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ANNE KLEIN
The après-action jacket, all dash and swagger, zipped over
smartly tailored pants in sharkskin of Celanese® Arnel® triacetate.

SUMMER FASHION why April?

As this issue of Vogue goes to press, we're a little further from summer than you as you read. But at even this remove, there's a feeling . . . a thinking towards it. And what's on the calendar has no more to do with this than what's on the clock has to do with wanting to eat when you're hungry. There is simply a moment when you've had enough of bundling up and layering on, and you are hungry for lighter, airier things. New things. Summer things. . . . So, here they are. Not everything you'll need for summer. But the first things—what you're going to need the day you get up and look out the window and the sky is blue-sky blue and the air is wine, and more than not having to wear a coat, you're going to want to be in something entirely fresh. And it could be tomorrow—which, one year ago to the day was up in the '60's in New York, Chicago, Denver, San Francisco. Don't bother to check, we already have—it's why what's here is here. Now.

FIRST LOOK AT SUMMER



FASHION

Here's how we see it—from under the brim of a clean white hat. Cotton, cotton, cotton as far as the eye can travel. Looking straight out of a summer day in your life, right there in the middle of the street.

The safari-jacket suit in brown-and-white gingham, fine as silk broadcloth, seen, right, whipping along an open stretch of Park. A here, there, anywhere kind of look—sashed jacket, slashed box pleats—that can take any mild day from now on. And large amounts of white... hat, beads, gloves, shoes. Suit by John Anthony. About $165. Bonwit Teller; Hutzler's; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Jacobson's, Michigan; Swanson's. Coifs on these fourteen pages, by Franklyn Welsh. Accessories, next to last page.

KOURKEN PAKCHANIAN



FIRST LOOK AT SUMMER—
THE FASHION FOR

COTTON



Jackets! Shirt jackets, battle jackets, sheer jackets. First thing you see—and go on seeing—over every thing you own.

The plaid shirt, as a battle jacket, far left—red and navy, romper in matching stripes, white sharkskin pants.

Once more—in gingham, near left—jacket as before. This time, blue-and-white checks, matching pants, red print shirt. Go for either and keep going (via BOAC, since you're there).

Blue-jeans jacket, but sheer, at right—black voile stitched in white, blowing open on voile-topped black-and-white gingham checks. Here, walking the dog around the block...tonight, the town...tomorrow the world.

Pants suits by Anne Klein. *Far left:* polyester-and-cotton jacket, and Arnel pants, each about $60; nylon romp, about $30. All, Lord & Taylor; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Kaufmann's; I. Magnin. *Near left:* cotton-and-polyester jacket, and pants, each about $52; cotton shirt, about $28. All, Bloomingdale's; Dayton's; Swanson's; Joseph Magnin....*Right:* Jacket dress by Kasper for Joan Leslie; Dacron-and-cotton voile (Avila Fabrics), polyester-and-cotton gingham (Mission Valley fabric). About $110. Saks Fifth Avenue; L. S. Ayres; Gus Mayer. Accessories, both pages, next to last page.

KOURKEN PAKCHANIAN



FIRST LOOK AT SUMMER—
THE FASHION FOR

COTTON



KOURKEN PAKCHANIAN

City plaid—seersucker plaid! A new freshness in red, white, and blue

Big city blocks of plaid—zoned for shirt-jacket, pants, far left: your daily uniform—red-white-and-blue seersucker—and not a day too soon. The shirt with jeans sometimes, the pants with Shetlands others. Off to the country weekends, back to town Monday to start another fresh week.

The soft plaid dress—ruffled but keeping its cool, near left: so simple there's nothing to do but enjoy it...often.

Jacket and pants by Leslie Fay, in cotton and polyester (Galey & Lord seersucker). About $48. Bloomingdale's; Woodward & Lothrop; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Famous-Barr; I. Magnin.... Dress by Pierre Cardin-Paris New York, in cotton. Fabric by C. M. Gourdon. About $145. Saks Fifth Avenue; Swanson's; Neusteters. Accessories, next to last page this issue.

FIRST LOOK AT SUMMER—THE FASHION FOR

COTTON



Dark city prints off to an early start... on Lindsay Wagner. Sheer cardigan and dress, eyelet shirt-jacket and pants... no sooner said than on

Strict and sheer, near right—that's the news of this violet-and-amber voile cardigan and dress: the print, dark...the cut, definitely daytime but floaty.

Eyelet in the dark—brown-and-white pants suit, far right, at home any city evening...when it's not on its way to a country weekend or some little bistro downtown....Girl on her way, both pages: Lindsay Wagner—one of the Two in Universal's *Two People*, her first film.

Jacket and dress by Pauline Trigère; about $445. Bergdorf Goodman; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Marshall Field; Bullock's Wilshire... Pants suit, Donald Brooks Boutique (tunic not shown); all, about $185. Bergdorf Goodman; Hudson's; Swanson's; May D & F; J. W. Robinson Franklyn Welsh coifs. Accessories next to last page.

KOURKEN PAKCHANIAN



FIRST LOOK AT SUMMER—THE FASHION FOR

COTTON



Two looks—
a dress and
jacket, a suit
with a blouse—
on one train
of thought:
how flowers freshen
the scene when
they're really fresh—
non-cliché,
modern

If your dress has a jacket, right—and the jacket has dolman sleeves—there's no stopping it. Here, short and blowy for summer, over a sleeveless knit—all in raisin printed with beige-and-brown flowers. And when you want a little bareness—for dinner—slip off the jacket. Waiting for a matinée, far right, for your dinner date, for the light to change—the kind of suit you can't wait to wear even if you're not a wearer of suits. Tailored, but soft, in a delicious cotton print of beige, orange, blue, white flowers. Same flowers, blown up, on a sheer voile overblouse.

Right: Cotton turnout by Rodrigues (Tussah Fabrics). About $145. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Gidding-Jenny; Dayton's; Gus Mayer; Sakowitz.... *Far right:* Ben Reig turnout, about $445. At Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; L. S. Ayres; Frost Bros.; I. Magnin. All accessories, next to last page.

KOURKEN PAKCHANIAN





FIRST LOOK AT SUMMER—
THE FASHION FOR

COTTON

What would life be without a great-looking shirtdress?—with a jacket, without a jacket, sharp, soft—it's the one thing you can't have too much of

The first thing you're going to want, left—for the new longer length of its shirt-jacket and the way it falls open and just floats over the sleeveless shirtdress, for the gauziness and the clean, haberdasher look of the menswear plaid in orange, beige, and dark green, belted in green. For this, tomorrow may not be a second too soon. A zing of red flowers on white and a flounced hem, right—the shirtdress you put on in the morning and stay with all day—freshness like this doesn't fade in a hurry (here, holding up at the BOAC terminal).

Left: Turnout by Oscar de la Renta Boutique, of cotton and polyester (Crantex Fabrics). About $165. Saks Fifth Avenue; B. Forman; Hutzler's; Lovemans, Chattanooga.... *Right:* Dress by Belle Saunders for Abe Schrader, of cotton. About $75. Altman's; Jordan Marsh; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Kaufmann's; I. Magnin. Accessories on the next to last page this issue

KOURKEN PAKCHANIAN


METROPOLITA
OPERA
JULES MASSENET
WERTHE

FIRST LOOK AT SUMMER—
THE FASHION FOR

COTTON

Long bare dresses. But little dresses, soft and blowy—even for the woman who isn't usually in something long

More bareness than meets the eye, far left, at Lincoln Center—red-white-and-navy plaid with a big flounce at the ankle and shirt-jacket cover for a midriff-y halter top (which can be bared another way, another night—a little fiddling with the halter gives you a strapless dress and a cummerbund to wrap the waist).

Two kinds of bareness, left—square-necked or off-the-shoulder—sheer cotton voile to the ankle, with elastic-shirred sleeves and bodice in a reverse print of navy and gold.

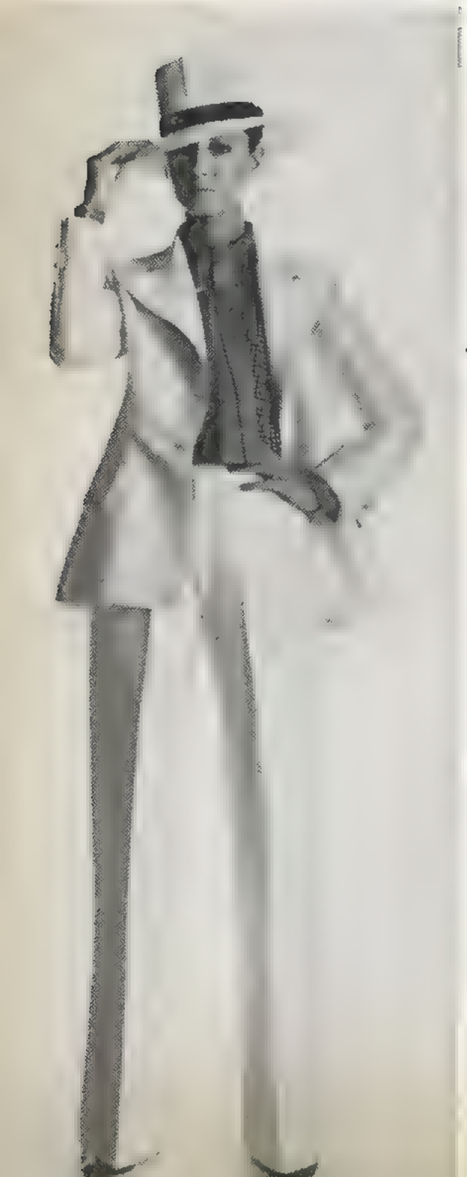
You and the stripes and the bareness, right—a bright cotton print of red, green, black, yellow, and white—held on one shoulder and swinging. (Swinging into summer via a 1936 Hudson Greater 8 Touring Sedan, both pages, owned by Dan List of Obsolete Fleet.)

Far left: Turnout by The Sidney's for Tina S; cotton and Dacron (Nashcombe Fabrics). About $85. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Jacobson's, Morgan, L. S. Ayres, Swanson's.... *Left:* Dress by Chester Weinberg (Sermani fabric). About $200. At Saks Fifth Avenue, O'Neil's .. *Right:* Dress by Lanvin about $110. At Saks Fifth Avenue, Swanson's, Sakowitz, Neiman-Marcus. All coiffures, these 14 pages, by Franklyn Walter. Accessories, next to last page of this section

THE BEAUTY IDEA

New ways to think about yourself this summer

We don't fool ourselves: it's perfectly possible to move into a new fashion season without making a move about your hair, your skin, or your makeup. The sky won't fall. On the other hand, what—to take one aspect of the fashion picture—is especially thrilling about a dress with no back on a back that isn't fairly thrilling itself? Or, to take another—where is the allure of a big straw hat if you're not aware of an extremely pretty eye under the brim? . . . In these pages, therefore, a first report on summer beauty with one eye on fashion and the other, for openers . . . on eyes. And the flash is: a colorful eye but a subtle, blended one—lighter, softer. Anything that makes eyes look hard looks like yesterday. "Too" eyebrows—too plucked, too pencilled, too heavy (Paris tip re too-dark brows: henna). Similarly, dark opaque liners belong among your souvenirs (for what's newer and better, see the light, *right*). Expect fake lashes—except the wispiest—to be less and less in evidence. And mascara more and more. It's the comeback of the year—cakes, creams, lash-extending roll-ons. Not to mention such new forms as comb-on mascara (a first in this genre, from Max Factor, described in Ready Beauty, page 46); protein-enriched mascara (Maybelline logic: Why should hair-on-head hair reap all protein rewards? Why, indeed?). All this—and heavenly deep greens, Burgundies, blues, plums. There's something so attractive—a sparkling, almost starry quality—in the contrast of these deep fringy lashes curled against pale shadow, pale liner. (And, need we say—that it's all rather delicious if you're in something pale?) . . .



Pale liner—the difference between yesterday's eyes and today's

Close-up, *right*—and very much in the picture with Norell's brimmed Panama and Honan pants tailleur—some of the biggest news in eye liner since . . . well, since eye liner. Which it is—from Charles Revson. But pale instead of dark, soft instead of hard. Today instead of yesterday. And, with mouths brighter, clothes paler—the prettiest coloring applicable to eyes: above the lashes or below; in narrow ribbons or wide; over pale shadow, contrasty or not; and the shadow can be a monochromatic sweep to the brow, or layered tones of color à la *pousse café*. . . . Interesting, isn't it, how one smash makeup can open up the eye to so many new looks? This smash—from compact arrangements of liners and shadows—by Charles Revson for Ultima II. Here, Lotus Pink liner, Dresden Blue shadow. Silk tailleur and shirt, Bonwit Teller; Lou Lattimore; I. Magnin. Gold nail-pin, Aldo Cipullo for Cartier.

PENN





THE BEAUTY IDEA







Not just a bright mouth —the most fascinating new way to do it since the invention of lipstick

Think of a lipstick brush. But filled with color, the way a pen is filled with ink. And with a top that swivels (gently, gently) to dispense the color, the way an automatic pencil dispenses lead. That's how the little gismo above works. And it's big news because, apart from being cute and practical, the color contained therein is *flowing* color. Not liquid but not solid, either—no waxes, just all lush, gleamy, glossy color. You literally paint your mouth with it, and there is simply no smoother, even-er way. . . . The painting above, in a color called Firefall Red, was made by Coty's Colorbrush Flowing Lipstick. For gloss fanciers, same principle is the super idea behind Elizabeth Arden's new Automatic Lip Gloss.

Masques take so little time to do skin so much good, and so much skin will be seen. What's to think about?

No miracles. A masque will not remove wrinkles. But will you settle for less *evident* wrinkles, less waffly-looking contours, for fresher, brighter, peppier, cleaner skin? All this a masque will do. It's not only the psychological thing of lying there, masque on, feet up, and feeling that something must be happening. Something is. Pores are working. Hard. With air masque-d off, it takes real push to throw off impurities, get blood to the skin—ordinary pore-work but souped up, which is why the subsequent rosiness and smoothness. And the cleanness—next to sending skin out to be laundered, there isn't a better deep-cleaning job to be done. . . . Done, *left*, by what has got to be the fastest worker in town: Clinique's new Beauty Emergency Masque—3 minutes to put a hypoallergenic glow on everyday skin, 2 for more frangible types. (Frankly, if we had it to do over again, this girl would be blue all over—back, chest, arms, hands—wherever skin is going to be seen, a masque belongs.) Fieldcrest towel. Gossard Artemis stretch bra, of Antron nylon and Lycra; $4. At Altman's.

PENN



a shoe and stocking that could make you think a little about your feet and legs

See the pretty legs? Bet your life you do—in sheer milky beige with red seams down the center, and with mules that take the eye all the way around to the arch of the foot—what's not to see? It's been a long time since legs have been this kind of visible, which is different from barelegged-visible. Like a wisp of veiling on the face, this is somehow more revealing-visible—with signals flashing: red seam, sheer heel. It's a look-at-me leg, and after years of dark legs—and with all the short little pongee dresses that are going to be breezing around for summer—it looks good to us. On (here it comes—Catch-22) a leg that's awfully good to look at . . . walking, standing, sitting; no bumps, bruises, fuzz; all of a color, totally smooth. (*Totally*—remember the heel. Remember Pretty Feet—what centuries of neglect may have wrought, P.F. has been known to right.) Chadbourn pantie stockings, $3. At Henri Bendel; Sanger-Harris. Gucci Dubonnet patent mules, $39.

a suntan that could change your thinking about sun

Could, maybe, keep you more out than in for a healthy change. Which is not by way of introducing our anti-sun sermon (that's on page 119), but to give you some idea of how strongly we feel about the woman-made all-over suntan, right. We like it—a lot. Why is obvious: whatever such tans have lacked in the past, this doesn't. It has naturalness, it has glow—the nice tawny, rose-cheeky glow you get at first flush of summer and would if you could hold onto forever. Bad news: sun doesn't work that way. Good news: Estée Lauder does. So if you'd like to match tans with our friend here, attendez. On your face: Soft Film Compact Bronzer in a shade called Bronze I. Soft Film Compact Rouge—Copper Coral—cheekbone to temple, as the sun would have it, and swept upward to put a little sparkle in the eye. (To that end, too: Tawny Melon eye shadow. And a Red Cent mouth, one of the copper brights around now in the Re-Nutriv Rich Rich lipstick formula.) . . . The rest of the tan is a new and wonderful aerosol thing called Fresh Air Body Makeup. Wherever skin shows it goes—and stays until you bathe. Pouff on, let dry, polish with tissue. Then give yourself a setting worthy—what there is of this delectable emptiness is a sweater of black ribs. From It Still Does by Liesbeth Potter, Durene cotton knit; about $11. Bloomingdale's; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Stix, Baer & Fuller; J. W. Robinson. Lauder makeups, available after April 15. Coif, François of Kenneth. Accessories, next to last page.



PENN

THE BEAUTY IDEA



THE BEAUTY IDEA



PENN

A lighter light makeup for summer—for more reasons than you might think

In case you thought the only alternative to going darker for summer was going around in last winter's face—surprise, *left:* not just a light makeup, but two shades lighter than the model's own skin. And not just a way to beat the sun—the cool, almost porcelain delicacy is new and reason enough. Charles of the Ritz palette here: Liqui-Creme Soft Finish Makeup in Ivory Buff, blended with damp sponge—for as far as the eye can see; Mooncoral shadow; Lush Red lipstick. Translucent powder, set with cotton dampened in ice water—or freshener of similar temp....The Blassport cottons, practically an entire summer wardrobe—long batik shirtdress, about $60; pants, about $40; shirt, about $30. Bonwit Teller; L. S. Ayres; Swanson's. Suga coif. Accessories, next to last page of this issue.

So you won't cut your hair...

how can we quarrel with long hair when long hair looks like this—thick, shining, pulled back and off the neck very simply and twisted around like a piece of silk. It's beautiful. And demanding. Wants constant brushing. Frequent pruning of ends. Weekly conditioning—Forming de Pantene is swell. K.J.L. hoops, Saks Fifth Avenue. Coif, François of Kenneth.

PENN



Short hair —the big lift now

The haircut, *far left*, that fits the head and face—snug, but thick and moving, evenly hemmed all around. Exactly right with soft summer dresses now, and a big lift for the face—rounded at the sides to round the cheeks, bouncy and trim at the nape. Care? Couldn't be easier—wash as needed, one lather only (to preserve some gloss-giving oil), water not too hot, rinse well. Blow dry, or sun dry. Maybe a hint of hairspray, but let it move, swing, shine. The stripes and dots, here—Valentino's nifty pullover in black and white wool, over a black silk shirt. From Valentino Boutique. Sweater, about $65; shirt, about $85. Both, also at Nan Duskin; Martha, Palm Beach, Bal Harbour; Claire Pearone; Frost Bros.; I. Magnin. Suga coif.

THE BEAUTY IDEA

bare brown legs, feet showing, nails showing—polished

Where brown is most beautiful, least risky—on bare suntanned legs, *left*, ending in beautifully manicured feet. A carefree look that takes plenty of care: A QT job to start a tan. Coppertone Tanning Butter thereafter. Moisturizer always. De-fuzzer, naturally. And—supermust: polish, faint or flashy, on the toenails. All, with something pretty to show through—slit white pants; and a white sandal (by Laura Tosata for I. Miller).

new way to think about skin—bare, without a tan

Without a deep tan to hide behind, bareness is a skin of a different color—needs more attention to keep it looking toned, smooth, imperfection-less. But with sun-overdoses in the past, there's Love's Fresh Lemon in our future—a luscious group of lemon-helps from Menley & James, made from natural ingredients that keep skin like clear, cool satin: moisturizer, a bubbly bath gel, something scented and bracing called Glossy Splash—think of skin that's been satin-ed with these, and more, in a pants suit like the one *right*, with an arms-baring, throat-baring white vest. Adri for Clothes Circuit. Vest, about $18; jacket, about $36. Both, Fortrel, rayon, and flax (Bloomsburg Fabrics). Pants of black-and-white cotton and acetate, about $28. End of April, Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin. Accessories, next to the last page.

THE BEAUTY IDEA IN FASHION



Pale pongee colors— cool, airy, beauty-making

And if you don't think this is a beauty idea, you've got another think coming. About pongee colors as cosmetics—the way those natural beiges freshen the skin. About pongee feelings—airy and soft against the body....*Left:* The shirtdress you walk into, short sleeves, lots of pleats. By Marga Tietje for Tanner of North Carolina, of Dacron. Fabric by Cohama. About $50. At Bonwit Teller; Younkers; Stix, Baer & Fuller....*Above:* A spill of pongee-colored jersey to the floor. By Eleanor Brenner for Brenner Couture, of Antron nylon. Fabric by Brauer Knitting. About $75. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Gidding-Jenny; Jacobson's, Michigan; Gus Mayer. ...*Far right:* The perfect shirtdress. By Dominic Rompollo, of Honan silk. About $145. At Lord & Taylor; J. P. Allen; Kaufmann's; Hudson's; Stix, Baer & Fuller. Coifs, François of Kenneth. Accessories, on next to last page, this issue.



Pongee makeup—the coolers

Same idea—fresh, cool, pretty things, this time worn by the face. A foundation light as sheerest silk, in—again—a soft natural beige. Eye shadows of cool green or blue. Lipsticks light, bright. Fruity astringents, good-smelling, to fridge for extra refreshment. Then, for pongee hair—fresh, breezy, un-limp—try one of the much-improved perms that add body without frizz. And, in the pongee mood, why not a lavender or verbena cologne (some of the men's are especially crisp, cool-ly delicious).

PENN

FAT cells

WHAT YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT THE ONES YOU HAVE...AND HOW THEY WORK FOR OR AGAINST YOUR FIGURE

"Eating is a complicated, multifactorial thing. Unfilled cells may send a message...."

There are obvious reasons why the lady shown at right should be interested in fat cells. But why should the average, non-obese, not even seriously overweight woman (or man) care about them? One reason is, of course, because they're there—in vast numbers, in all humans and animals—fat, thin, or in-between—throughout life. Fat accounts for 10 to 15 percent of body weight in an average person; up to 50 percent in an obese one. . . . Another, more compelling reason is that even a sketchy understanding of the role fat cells play in the body can dispel at least some of the myths and miasmas that tend to gather in great woolly clouds around the subjects of diet, gaining weight, losing weight, fatness, thinness.

Why do some people stay at a normal weight apparently without effort, while others have to struggle, skimp, starve? Why do some diets seem to work for a while, only to have the pounds roll back? What's the most efficacious way to lose unwanted weight; to maintain a weight that seems ideal? The answer to these (and many far more puzzling medical questions) lies in the fat cells. . . .

Where *they* lie is in the body's layer of adipose tissue, just beneath the skin, a layer that performs many functions. It cushions the body, conserves heat, acts as an insulator; performs some metabolic interconversions between protein, carbohydrate, and fat; burns fat and, above all, stores it. It's the main reservoir of fat in the body and therefore is often referred to as the adipose depot. . . . In fact, its storage facilities are all too ample as far as human beings are concerned —though they're still useful to many animal species. Animals that hibernate, such as squirrels and bears, methodically stuff themselves ahead of time, loading the adipose depot with as much fat as possible. (Ideally, a squirrel just before hibernation should be barely able to waddle.)

People who are obese, or have a tendency to become so, are faced with just the opposite problem. They can't seem to unload the adipose depot of its excess of stored fat—and even if they succeed, by strenuous efforts, in getting rid of it for a while, there's a strong tendency for the fat overload to return. In order to maintain anything like a "normal" weight (based on the conventional norms such as height, age, sex), they often have to exist in a state of near-starvation.

Why should this be so? No one has all the answers. But it's probable that no one has more of them than Dr. Jules Hirsch, of New York's



LA TOILETTE, 1971,
by Fernando Botero,
the Spanish painter, from an American collection

Rockefeller University—who, for over 15 years, has headed a research project investigating the causes of human obesity. Obesity ranks as a major health problem in this country—a heavy burden in itself, physically and emotionally, and an invitation to other illnesses, among them diabetes and heart disease. . . . The study involves animal subjects and human patients. The animals are rats, a small army of them—young, old, fat, lean. The humans are obese people who volunteer for treatment. These patients (only a small number can be accepted) are helped to lose weight, slowly—over a five- to eight-month period—but steadily, on a carefully balanced, 600-calories-a-day liquid diet. They, in turn, cooperate with the researchers by submitting to various physical and psychological tests before, during, and after weight loss.

From this and other studies of obesity some startling facts have emerged. One is that obese people and animals not only have larger, fatter fat cells than average-weight people and animals: they have more of them—from two to five times the normal number. They can be helped to lose weight (some patients lose over 100 pounds on the stringent 600-calorie régime), but the weight loss is caused entirely by shrinkage in *size* of the fat cells. The *number* of cells is unchanged. And all these excess cells, doctors suspect, are clamoring to be filled—sending up messages to the "eating centers" in the brain, demanding nourishment. This may explain why it's so hard for many once-obese men and women to stay at a lower weight, once they've achieved it. . . . "Eating is a neural and muscular activity, but the ultimate decision is a brain function," said Dr. Hirsch. "Parts of the brain are very much involved. There are certain switching centers—probably, primarily in the hypothalamus—from which the decisions go out: whether to eat, how much to eat, whether and when to stop. Unfilled cells may send a message to the hypothalamus. What we would love to do is interfere with or control that message. . . . It's a complicated, multifactorial thing; emotional stimuli, gastric distention are also involved. For some people, the fact that dessert is being served may be the signal to stop eating." . . . But not, alas, for many obese or once-obese people, whose signals are sending out only one, Oliver-Twist-like message: More!

Why do obese people have more fat cells than ordinary people? How did they get that way? A celebrated experiment with rats carried out in 1967 by Dr. Hirsch and Dr. Jerome L. Knittle, of the Mount Sinai School of Medicine, showed that rats from small litters that were lavishly fed in infancy developed a much larger number of adipose cells than rats from more numerous, less well-fed litters—and that this situation was irreversible. Later on, the well-fed young rats were put on near-starvation diets, the undernourished rats were given all the food they could eat—cell size changed as the fat rats got thinner and the thin rats fatter, but the number of cells was unaltered. These findings haven't yet been carried on into studies of human nutrition in infancy and early childhood—and they may not be for years, because of recent massive cuts in government grants for research. They do suggest strongly that obesity—while heartbreakingly difficult to cure—may be relatively easy to prevent.

They suggest that overfeeding early in life may account for the severe weight problems many people have as adults—people who, even on the strictest of diet-and-exercise régimes, seem always to be fighting a losing (Continued on page 174)

SUNwarnings

WHAT MAKES YOU SUPERSENSITIVE TO INTENSE LIGHT...AND WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT

For bikini'd beauties... sunbathers everywhere: some points to check with a doctor

Skin: The Potential-Health-Hazard Gang has some newly recognized members. Seems that some deodorant soaps, colognes, and after-shave lotions as well as certain widely prescribed drugs are causing an increasing—but by no means vast—number of people to become overly reactive to sunlight, or *photosensitive*. There are basically two types of photosensitivity: Phototoxicity and photoallergy. Since phototoxicity is much more common, it lands in the spotlight first. . . . Light-induced damage to the skin that isn't the result of an allergic mechanism in a particular individual is *phototoxic*. It will theoretically occur in everybody if skin is too long exposed to intense light in conjunction with the offending agent, whether applied locally or taken internally. The reaction is an exaggerated sunburn appearing from minutes to several hours after exposure. This needn't be sunbathing; walking around fully clothed outside for a couple of sunny midday hours can work the same havoc. Susceptible areas of the body are those most frequently bare—hands, face, chest—but a bikini will obviously widen the scope. Drugs that cause this reaction in conjunction with sunlight (even sunlight through ordinary window glass and, sometimes, light from fluorescent tubes) are, for one, antibiotics of the tetracycline family, with declomycin the prime offender. Just about anyone taking this drug will react, given enough sunlight. There's trouble on the way when somebody taking declomycin for acne develops a few spots before a trip south and ups the dosage. . . . The sulfa drugs and sulfa derivatives such as thiazide diuretics and the oral hypoglycemic agents (the latter taken instead of insulin by mild diabetics) are also potentially phototoxic. . . . Sulfonamides are usually prescribed for urinary tract infections, but there's always the die-hard who takes pills for a cold and goes off skiing. To bad if it's sunny.

A woman with a vacation in the sun coming up might unknowingly take one of the potentially photosensitizing diuretics to lose five pounds fast, though she should check with her doctor. Some lithe young things who take these to reduce water-retention caused by birth-control pills (themselves photosensitizers on rare occasions) are apt to be bikini'd on a beach as often as possible, risking the same nasty burn. Another major batch of phototoxic medications are tranquilizers of the phenothiazine type such as thorazine and stelazine. These—plus an overdose of bright light—can take the sunshine right out of your life, which is hardly the point of a holiday.

Photoallergic reactions, on the other hand, mostly involve externally applied substances and are much rarer since the reaction depends upon the allergic susceptibility of each individual. Some of the major offenders here are perfumes, after-shave lotions, colognes, and antibacterial soaps. The recent enormous increases in sales of men's toiletries have increased the frequency of photosensitivity in men and, for some still unknown reason, especially in men over forty. Offending agents in deodorant soaps are chemicals (usually halogenated salicylanilides) that, by killing skin bacteria, make you smell super-clean. Colognes and perfumes make even better scents. But if you are *photosensitive to whatever chemical,* the reaction is usually an itchy red rash resembling poison ivy, which appears from twenty-four to seventy-two hours after sun exposure. In perfumes, colognes, and after-shave lotions, the photosensitizers are certain essential oils that, instead of a rash, may elicit a spotty brown skin discoloration that can last indefinitely. Among the guilty oils are bergamot, sandalwood, lavender, and citron. (One dermatologist pointed out that bartenders in southern resorts often have this skin discoloration on their hands as a result of squeezing endless limes, plus subsequent sun exposure. He also suggests dabbing perfume behind the ear, or wherever it *won't* be exposed.)

Other possible photosensitizers lurk in tar shampoos, detergents that cause clothes to be "whiter than white," medicated cosmetics, antiseptic creams, and even sunscreens. A similar type of photosensitivity is caused by contact with plants; this phytophotodermatitis (commit to memory and ask your doctor) may result from handling ragweed, carrots, parsnips, parsley, fennel or figs. . . . In most instances, therapy is simply to separate the patient from the photosensitizer and from exposure to light; topical corticosteroid preparations are also helpful.

Symptoms can, however, hang on for long periods of time and occasionally even cause the skin to become permanently overreactive to sunlight *without* the presence of the photosensitizer that triggered the response in the first place. For these so-called persistent light-reactors, "the best sunscreen," as Dr. John H. Epstein puts it, "is a paper bag." Dr. Epstein, dermatologist at the University of California Medical School and deep into research on this subject, says: "There's an ever-expanding quantity of photosensitizers in our environment, and aggravating the problem is the obsession that many people have for developing a deep suntan. For the photosensitized individual, this can be disastrous." The present challenge to determatologists—and sufferers—often is connecting the culprit with the crime. Dr. Leonard C. Harber, dermatologist at the New York University Medical Center, says: "A complete list of all the photosensitizers and their distribution is unobtainable because present regulations do not require the listing of ingredients in items sold as household or cosmetic products. Unfortunately, when a specific agent in a given product is suspected to be a photosensitizer, there are no requirements that the substance and its concentration be made known to the physician." But you can help yourself by always checking with your doctor about any new prescription as to whether you and it and sun are meant for each other.

Eyes: Though frequently psychosomatic, the eye's hypersensitivity to light is usually caused by inflammation or the presence of a foreign body, but certain drugs can also cause the eye to become photosensitive. These drugs belong to the same phenothiazine family of tranquilizers that can photosensitize the skin. For all the good they may do the spirit, in conjunction with sunlight they may produce irritation, tearing, and lack of tolerance for intense light. Wearing dark glasses helps, and discontinuing the drug cures. Your doctor should alert you to these tranquilizers' photosensitizing effects; when in doubt, *ask*. . . . Meanwhile, according to reports from Armed Forces investigators, it appears that sun-gazing over a prolonged period of time—even without the use of photosensitizers—can cause a disease of the macula lutea, the most sensitive area of the retina where the image is focused for acute vision. This macular degeneration is like a tiny burn and can lead to permanent—and uncorrectable—poor vision. And, though it isn't yet proved, it is suspected that even sunbathing with eyes closed but unprotected gives a slow light-heat dose that can eventually lead to the disease. According to Dr. Bernard Kronenberg, Clinical Professor of Ophthalmology at New York Medical College, "so far, it seems that the best protection and, hopefully, prevention is to wear a good pair of sunglasses in a pure dark color like green or grey. And never look directly into the sun." . . . There are times, then, not to let the sun shine in. . . . Just remember to take your get-smart pills before you face East. ▼

Mrs. George A. Plimpton

Second in a Vogue series of fashion personalities—interesting women whose way of dressing, whose fashion theories are shaped by their way of life, their involvements, their commitments

"George whangs a ball when he's trying to think of the right word for an article he's writing, and I'm trying to learn to play well... it's a great loosener-upper at parties, too."



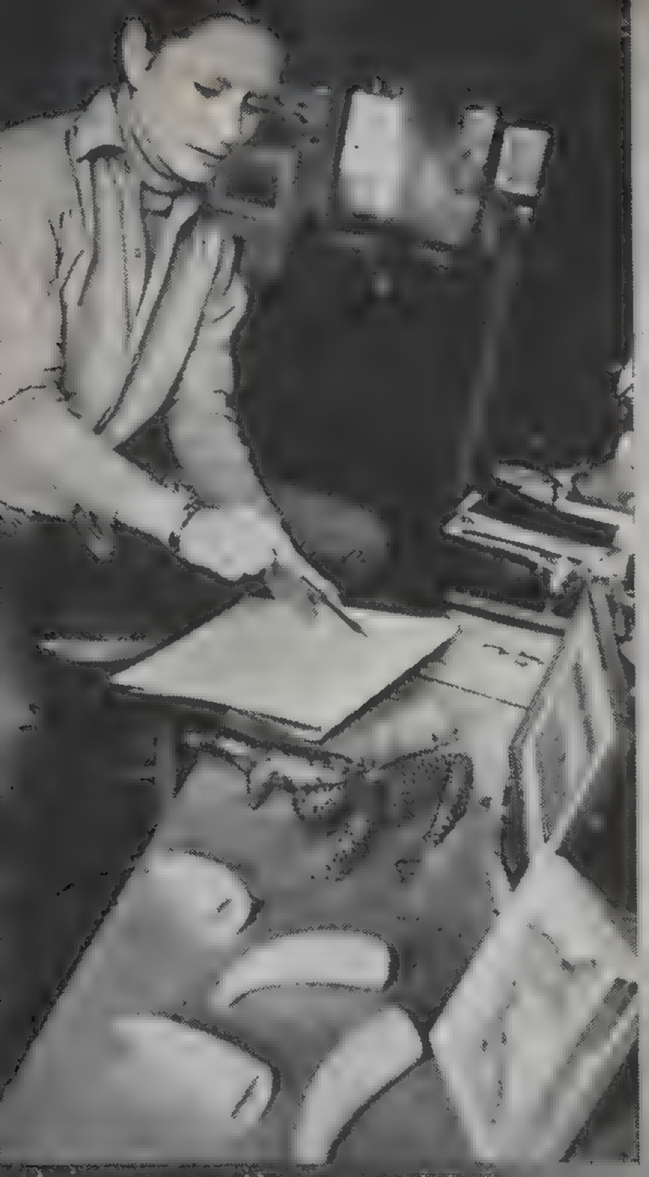
Freddy Plimpton is a man's woman —small-boned, precise, intelligent, enormously pretty— with a taste for easy clothes that men invariably like...

Freddy Plimpton has been the wife of the multi-talented writer, lecturer, television personality for four years, mother of Medora Plimpton for almost a year....How does she view her life? "I think of myself, essentially, as the eye of the storm. There is always a whirlwind around me.... George is involved in what seem to me a thousand-and-one projects —all of them exciting to him. I don't try frantically to enter every corner of his life, but to maintain a certain independence. I think George likes that about me, and what I like about being married to him is that life is a constant surprise."

The setting for their life is, in winter, a ramble of connected flats on two floors on an old building perched at the edge of the East River. George has his office downstairs, and home and office merge more often than not. "His bachelor apartment was here, and there is still basically the same casual, cluttered feeling in the newer rooms—although I've added flowers, and some crystal ornaments that he

(Continued)

DUANE MICHALS



Drawing in her "corner" of the bedroom is a retreat when, as often happens, the George Plimpton office takes over the Plimptons' apartment, with ringing doorbells and telephones and meetings going on in the living room. ...Freddy got the new fashion message of hats right off the bat. "A hat is to flirt under..."

FASHION PERSONALITY:

Mrs. George A. Plimpton



"Both George and I like simple food. Since I do the cooking myself, the menu for a dinner party has to be easy to prepare—our guests are always served a no-nonsense meat-and-potatoes dish..."

(Continued) wouldn't have had. I approve of the way George does things; we both love objects—surrounding ourselves with things. An entrapment, perhaps, but I can't bear a wall not covered with pictures, or a barren table." Off the living room is a long, many-windowed room lacquered deep bottle green. "I had wanted a cozy sitting room in here," Freddy says, "and George wanted a pool room, so we compromised"—with a cluster of sofas and chairs at one end of the room, a regulation pool table center stage. It's a man's world at the Plimptons, and Freddy is very much a man's woman—small-boned, precise, and enormously pretty—wide pure-green eyes, pale *(Continued)*



"I have a lot of knickers and V-necked cardigans from Mie Mac. It's a great look with boots, or Argyle knee socks or dark tights and shoes. Sometimes, if I feel slightly zany, I pull on one of George's ties to complete it..."

DUANE MICHALS

FASHION PERSONALITY:

Mrs. George A. Plimpton

"Medora loves music. she adores listening to a record or to the guitar..."



(Continued) ivory skin, tawny amber hair. She has a sharp, perceptive intelligence and a small, little-girl voice with a throaty veil to it...the kind of scrubbed-shiny casual grace—and a taste for easy clothes—that men invariably approve....She's a sweater-dresser all the way. In the evening, often a gaily patterned sweater, patterned shirt, and long velvet skirt... daytimes, perhaps something from a collection of skirts, shirts, and sweaters of which some "date back to the time I was fifteen. My favorite sweaters at the moment are patterned ones in primary colors from the boys' department at Bloomingdale's...children's-department shopping is a way of life for me—things are made for sturdiness, and in wonderful colors."

Freddy is active in the lobbying aspects of Friends of the Earth, the conservation and environmental protection organization. "I am interested and concerned, as everyone is, in saving the environment. My real interest now, though, is this," and she nods toward her baby.

"Hats are for fun, a very special prop to add to a mood or cover it up... a thing to flirt under, to use, to complete an outfit. I don't care so much about clothes that I create a total statement with them— the hat is the thing that does that..."

"I love capes; the most romantic, easy things one can wear. I love the feel of being surrounded but not encased, the way that all capes flow—and you can wear them with anything, which you can't say about a tight little coat. This cape is from an Army-Navy Surplus store..."

DUANE MICHALS

people are TALKING *about...*

The startling, strong new atmosphere among women on college campuses: the most self-assured in Ivy League schools where the "new consciousness" has peaked and leveled off. One male student said, "It's like when the Blacks stopped smiling." At Smith College, where only 31 percent of the students were in favor of remaining a women's college, now at least 59 percent want to keep men out. . . . André Malraux on Charles de Gaulle: "Intimacy [with De Gaulle] did not mean talking about himself . . . but about France," in Felled Oaks: Conversation With De Gaulle.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The new Bob Hope-Dorothy Lamour-Bing Crosby movie *The Road to Peking*. . . . *Mutations*, a mix of film, dance, and Stockhausen music, the first nude ballet, now performed here by the terrific Netherlands Dance Theatre, March 28 to April 9 at the Brooklyn Academy of Music. . . . The paintings and drawings by Robert Ryman—blankly white, unexpectedly powerful—at The Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum in New York. . . . Cooking hints from Sophia Loren, well known for starving herself and her guests, from her cookbook *In the Kitchen With Love*.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The continuing research on sleep and the observation by one of the British doctors involved that it isn't how you sleep that matters but how you think you slept. . . . The Savage God: A Study of Suicide, A. Alvarez's fascinating speculations about how suicide has become a twentieth-century life-style. . . . The paintings of Friedel Dzubas, great hazes of color, at the Lawrence Rubin Gallery in New York.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Bob Dylan, George Harrison, and Ravi Shankar in the filmed version of the concert at Madison Square Garden for Bangladesh, all the profits going to UNICEF. . . . The bedroom of Jean Cocteau, from 1929, re-created at the Sonnabend Gallery in New York, dusted over with the peculiar atmosphere of an artist's studio—which in part it was—and evocative of the "vast caravan daydreams" of Cocteau's novel *les Enfants terribles*.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The blazing new success of Annie Girardot, beautiful-but-not-beautiful in the manner of Jeanne Moreau, in To Die of Love, the soapy but grabbing movie about Gabrielle Russier, the French teacher who was imprisoned for her affair with one of her sixteen-year-old students and who subsequently committed suicide. . . . Muriel Spark's below-the-stairs mystery Not To Disturb, a very funny upside-down version of high living in Switzerland. . . . Robert Craft's splendid portrait of the great composer who shaped twentieth-century music, Igor Stravinsky, an impish genie from an outlandish Russian fairy tale, in Stravinsky: The Chronicle of a Friendship, 1948-1971.

CHARLES CHAPLIN: *triumph for a life of triumphs*

Photographed enjoying, at eighty-three, the prime of success at his house on Lake Geneva in Switzerland, where he lives with his wife and five of their eight children, Charlie Chaplin is one of the authentic geniuses of the twentieth century, a mythic hero. This month Chaplin comes back to the United States after an absence of twenty years—perhaps the best known, certainly the best loved film star in the world.

Chaplin, on April 4, will be the guest at a public "Salute to Chaplin" at Lincoln Center in New York; on April 10, he will receive from the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences in Hollywood an honorary Oscar for his films, many of which he directed and wrote himself, often supplying musical scores —an indefinite but surprisingly small number of films considering the length and importance of his career. His early two-reel comedies are now seen as the real beginnings of film art, movies for their own sake, not photographed drama or literature.

Chaplin's most inspired invention, still hauntingly suggested by the photograph on this page of Chaplin walking down a pier, was the Tramp, a Hamlet in baggy trousers, an Oedipus with derby and cane, who shuffled his way into the imagination of millions, a little man caught in a David-and-Goliath struggle with life. With the coming of sound, Chaplin attempted to politicize and sentimentalize the Tramp, turning his movies to more serious themes. About *The Great Dictator*, 1940, his satire of Hitler, Chaplin said, "I knew the comedy didn't work but I felt I had to do it." With *Monsieur Verdoux*, 1947, a brilliant, almost misanthropic satire of greed, the laughter had gone sad.

Enormously rich, under attack for his private life, tortured by what he had seen in his early years, Chaplin was more and more at odds with Hollywood and America. In 1952, he left the United States, made *A King in New York* and *A Countess from Hong Kong*, composed new scores for many of his silent films. When Chaplin left America, his personal and professional reputations were at their lowest ebbs. The film-mad 'sixties rediscovered Charlie. The times changed, Chaplin changed: "I got over being angry. I'll let my movies do the talking."



SNOWDON



PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . .

MOVIES

Cabaret, jolting movie musicals alive

Cabaret is a crashing success, a total turnaround for the movie musical, an amazement in a season that has been low on surprises. Bob Fosse, the choreographer-director, has gone easy on the rot of Berlin in 1931 that produced the Nazis, using as a metaphor for the violence rising outside the cabaret and Joel Grey, *left*—brilliantly re-creating his Broadway role as the pimp-M.C. of the Kit Kat Klub, a club where patrons make assignations on the telephones at their tables.

This new sort of musical does away with splashy, idiot production numbers and sticks to the score (lyrics by Fred Ebb, music by John Kander), the songs delivering with great satirical punch the story of a lost generation on a roller coaster hurtling into darkness. Making use of the awkward style of the early sound musicals, echoing *The Blue Angel* in particular, Fosse returns again and again to the stage of the cabaret where the show goes on in spite of the horror heaping up outside. More than the story of Sally Bowles, Christopher Isherwood's heroine in *Goodbye to Berlin,* who is a broken blossom sailing down a sewer, *Cabaret* is the corny show-biz epic turned on its head. When Liza Minnelli (as Sally Bowles) belts her songs, the movie audience reacts directly, applauding as if it were in a cabaret.

If Joel Grey—as an impresario of flesh, a panderer of bad jokes to a society on the verge of collapse—provides the frame, the atmosphere of decay, Liza Minnelli provides the center as an earnest American flapper/gold digger gone randy rotten. With her bowl-cut hair, kohled eyes, and green nail polish, Liza Minnelli is suddenly, inevitably a star. Wide-eyed, with a gawky, tremulous voice that cuts into her lines with heart-catching shyness, she has made of Sally an affirmation, an earnest, almost innocent sexual Lady Bountiful.

Fosse, Grey, and Minnelli have rejuvenated what seemed the deadest of movie forms, giving back an exuberance and excitement that should jolt not only the movies but Broadway as well.

AVEDON

Women in Revolt, clowning up Liberation



Candy Darling, *right,* one of the three transvestite stars of Andy Warhol's new comedy about scrambled sexual identities, *Women in Revolt,* a farce that takes Women's Lib to the last barricade—the bed. A mix of a sudsy plot that could have come out of some Grade B 'forties flick and high masquerade, *Women in Revolt* is both funny and blue, giving a twist to the male-female struggle that an eighteenth-century French playwright might have envied. Candy Darling, a witch's brew of Jean Harlow, Kim Novak, and Carole Lombard, is the funniest of the three cross-dressing heroines, a debutante with a lisp who finally gives her all to become a movie star. The dialogue is pretty arch, supposedly improvised but highly improbable. At one point, one of Candy Darling's Women's Lib sisters, Jackie Curtis, says with revolutionary toughness, "Come down off the trapeze and into the sawdust." "That," answers Candy, "is circus talk." It isn't Susan B. Anthony, but it is as acutely funny about the current sexual crises as anything yet has been.



What's Up, Doc? Clowning having fun with film

Ryan O'Neal and Barbra Streisand, *left,* stars of director Peter Bogdanovich's latest movie, *What's Up, Doc?* —perhaps the most eagerly awaited new movie of the season, a comedy follow-up to Bogdanovich's brilliant *The Last Picture Show. What's Up, Doc?* is the first of the wave of escapist films that take up where the zany, harum-scarum movies of the early 'thirties left off—anything for a laugh. Ryan O'Neal plays a musicologist from Ames, Iowa, with a suitcase full of rocks; and Barbra Streisand, a girl with an encyclopedic memory who meets him at a convention in San Francisco. The title of the movie—*What's Up, Doc?*—is Bogdanovich's tribute to Bugs Bunny, a film figure Bogdanovich admires almost as much as he does John Ford. Bogdanovich, who likes writing about movies as well as making them, has written as many books as he has directed films, set off a new wave for American movies very much like the *nouvelle vague* that film directors who were also critics set off in France. Bogdanovich is giving movies a new, rich self-consciousness of their past, dropping the uneasy social themes that invaded the movies in the 'sixties. Next for Bogdanovich: another heavy, *The Getaway,* with Steve McQueen and Ali MacGraw.



Picasso WITH WOMEN:

PYGMALION TO HIS GALATEAS

The Museum of Modern Art unites its entire unique Picasso collection for the first time

BY BARBARA ROSE



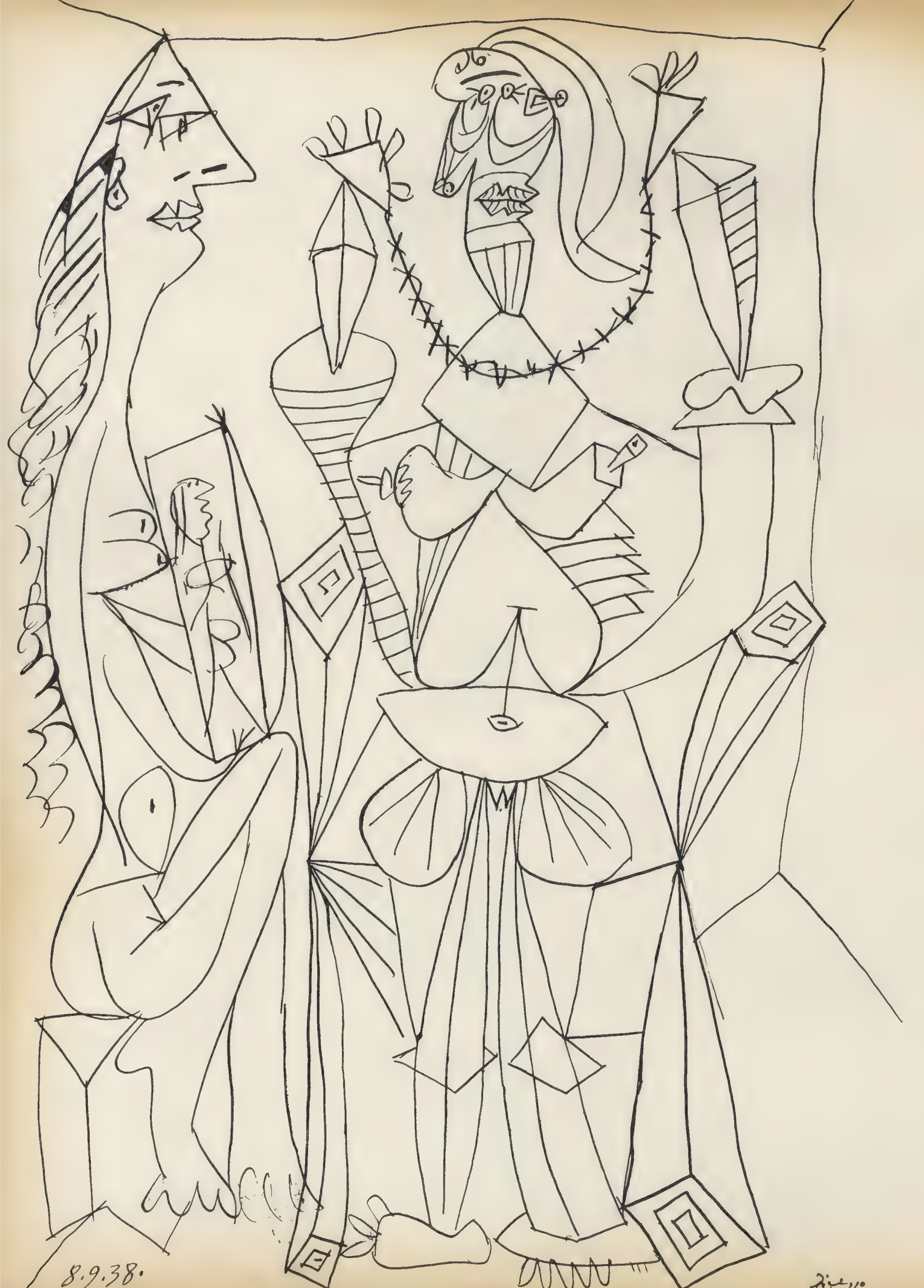
Woman, the sleeping flower, watched by the young Picasso. *In "Meditation," painted late in 1904, reproduced,* left, *almost full size, he contemplates the sleeping face of his first love, Fernande Olivier, in an atmosphere suffused with a golden light, signifying perhaps Picasso's warmth of feeling for the girl with whom he shared his Bateau Lavoir studio in Montparnasse. This painting, as well as the other works by Picasso shown on this and the following two pages, are from the exhibition of Picasso now at The Museum of Modern Art in New York. (Collection of Mrs. Bertram Smith, New York)*

Woman, subjugated. *In 1934, during a period when Picasso illustrated a number of classical texts, he made the etching, "Myrrhina and Kinesias"* above *(8⅝" x 6"), from Lysistrata by Aristophanes, of an Athenian warrior ravishing with balletic grace a captive. In other paintings and drawings the ravisher would be more beast than man—a minotaur, centaur, or satyr. (The Museum of Modern Art, The Louis E. Stern Collection)*

Of the great artists of this century, none has been so fascinated—even obsessed—by the theme of women as Picasso. He has painted, drawn, and sculpted his mistresses in the many guises of the eternal female: as muse, goddess, lover, tart, temptress. In the great portrait of Isabella of Spain, from Russia's Pushkin Museum and first seen in the West recently at the Musée National d'Art Moderne in Paris, Picasso elevated woman to queen. At the same time, however, he was working on the masterpiece that launched Cubism, "Les Demoiselles d'Avignon," in which grotesquely distorted females with heads like apes and bodies like carved tree trunks represented prostitutes in the well-known sailors' brothel on Avignon Street in the Barcelona waterfront area. Picasso's conception of women continued to oscillate between these two poles, queen and courtesan, for the rest of his life. Tracing his gradual transformation of woman from worshipped muse-goddess to supine worshipper of genius, we learn perhaps more about Picasso's stylistic development as it reflects his psychology than we could from any strictly formal approach, which seems decidedly inadequate when dealing with an artist as complex as Picasso.

It has been obvious to many writers that Picasso's career breaks into stylistic divisions roughly corresponding to his seven major romantic liaisons. With each new affair, he appears to have been reborn as a new artist. According to Picasso's secretary-companion, the Spanish poet Sabartés, "Never did his creative power manifest itself so strongly as during the paroxysms of his amorous experiences. You have only to note the dates of his works: they always coincide with periods of amorous exaltation. . . . With each new amorous experience, we see his art progressing, a new form appearing, another language, a particular method of expression to which you could give a woman's name."

To begin with, there was the Rose Period of the bohemian charmer Fernande Olivier. This was followed by the analytic Cubist paintings, the closest Picasso ever came to pure abstraction, celebrating "Ma Jolie," Picasso's nickname for the slim anonymous Eva, as he rechristened Marcelle Humbert. Her illness and subsequent death in 1916 may have inspired the more severe mood of (Continued on next page)


8.9.38.

Woman, queen or courtesan, left. *This 1938 pen-and-ink "The Necklace" (26¾" x 47⅝"), a picture within a picture, has a dual fascination: not only does it relate to a tradition of self-referential works beginning with Velázquez's "Las Meninas," which Picasso copied, it is, in its shuffling of male and female anatomical parts, one of the most overt statements of the artist's continuing ambivalence towards sexual role identity. (The Museum of Modern Art, acquired through the Lillie P. Bliss Bequest)*

Woman, muse, above. *A passive sleeping woman is opposed, in this 1935 painting "Interior with Girl Drawing" (51⅛" x 6'4⅝"), to the active creative woman who looks in the mirror only to see reflected one of Picasso's canvases. Another version of this subject in the Musée National d'Art Moderne in Paris is titled "The Muse," indicating what Picasso thought the role of the woman artist should be. (Promised gift of Nelson A. Rockefeller, New York)*

(Continued) the later Cubist paintings. Artistic renewal came again with his love for his first wife, the ballerina Olga Koklova, whose connection with the Ballets Russes kept Picasso designing sets and costumes for Sergei Diaghilev during the 'twenties. Some writers maintain that Olga's bourgeois taste for luxury may have been partially responsible, although of course there were purely esthetic considerations as well, for the more conservative character of the classical paintings of the 'twenties.

The transition to a dynamic Surrealist mode with more overt erotic overtones appears to have been inspired by Picasso's relationship with the placid, voluptuous Marie-Thérèse Walter. After giving birth to Picasso's daughter Maia in 1935, Marie-Thérèse, although she did not disappear from the master's life entirely, was replaced by the intellectual painter Dora Maar, who saw Picasso through the anguish of Guernica and the Second World War. But Dora, too, was rejected for another, even younger and more beautiful painter, the vivacious Françoise Gilot. In between there were others, of course, including probably the Bardot-like teen-ager Sylvette, whose blown-up profile is now the largest sculpture in Manhattan. Finally, there is Jacqueline Roque, who became the second Mme. Picasso in 1961 and whose profound and unquestioning adulation for her husband shows in every photograph of the couple.

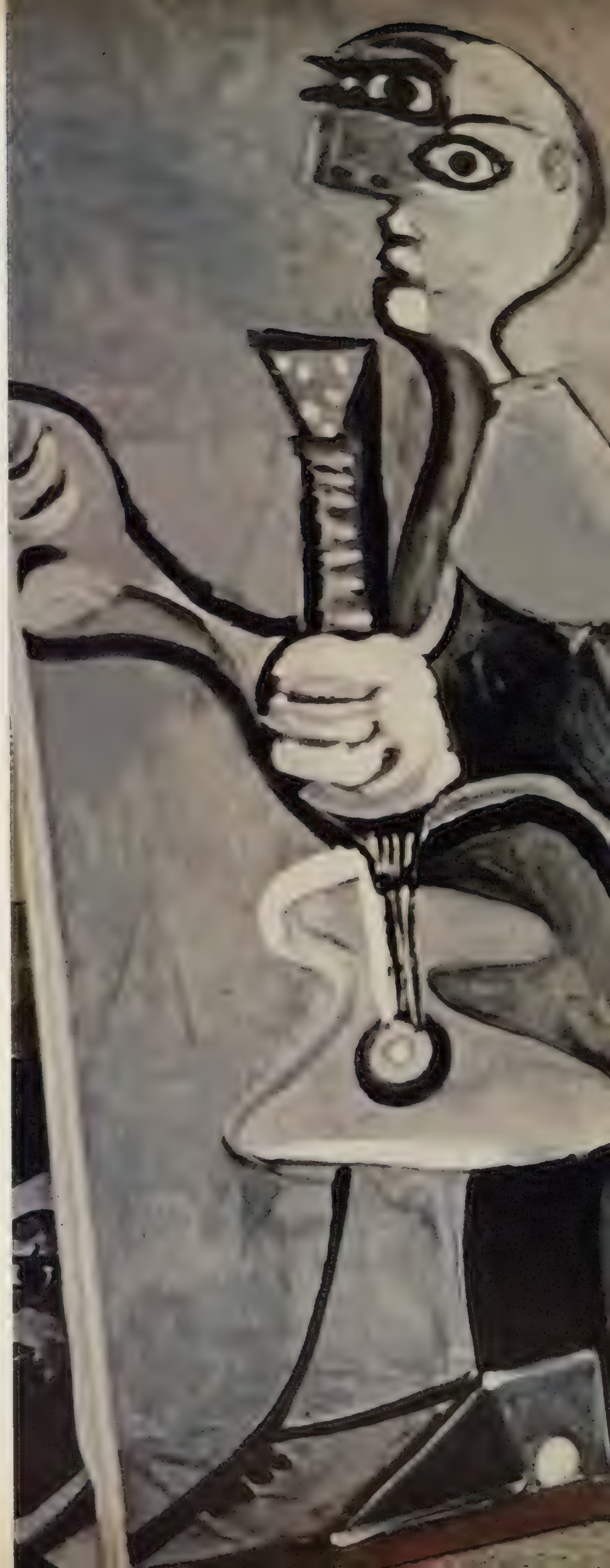
Women are still the favorite subject of the ninety-year-old genius honored now in New York by "Picasso in the Collection of The Museum of Modern Art," an exhibition of the Museum's own extensive holdings and promised gifts of Picasso's work. Director of the Museum when it was founded in 1929 and recently retired, Alfred H. Barr, Jr., wrote the standard Picasso monograph from which many entries for the new catalogue have been taken. Barr's extraordinary farsightedness is largely responsible for the range and quality of the Museum's holdings; and it was he, together with William Rubin, who worked out the handsome installation of the current exhibition.

Again and again Picasso has returned to the theme of the many faces of Eve, preferring it to landscape, portrait, still life, or any form of abstraction. In the melancholy Blue Period pictures painted during Picasso's first impoverished years in Paris, women are stereotypes. They are viewed from a distance and their men turn away from them; (Continued on next page)

(Continued) couples are united only in their common misery. Then suddenly, in the painting of 1904, the depressed mood of the well-named Blue Period lifts, and another, softer, more tender feeling infuses the works. In "Meditation" (reproduced on page 130), a watercolor-and-ink sketch done late in 1904, we can see this change in tone occurring. Professor Rubin has identified the couple as the twenty-three-year-old painter contemplating his new mistress, the artist's model Fernande Olivier, in rapt adulation. Although still separated from the woman, the man now turns toward rather than away from her. A crucial work bridging the gap between the unhappiness of the Zola-esque low-life scenes of the Blue Period and the lyrical sweetness of the circus themes of the Rose Period, this lovely watercolor—with its fragile pen lines filled in with transparent washes of both blue and rose—is among the first of Picasso's many explorations of the theme of the sleeper watched. Its importance as a turning point is described by Rubin: "Though dressed in blue, he inhabits a world now warmed with red and yellow."

Family life is the central subject of the Rose Period; although, curiously, nearly all the children are boys, seen more often with their fathers than with their mothers. Indeed one might take Picasso's relative neglect of the theme of maternity—it is the role he painted women in least often—as indicative of a deep ambivalence toward the notion of female creativity. On the one hand, he adored his mistresses (who were pressed into service so frequently as models one doubts they had time for much other activity), viewing them as incarnations of Venus Genetrix, goddess of fecundity. Yet he appears to have resented any real sign of creativity in his women. Undoubtedly his most tempestuous relationships were with women who dared to have creative lives of their own: Fernande, whom he deserted for Eva; or his first wife, Olga, the mother of his first son Paulo; or the more fortunate Françoise, the only one of Picasso's women who escaped intact from her relationship with the master (it was she who left Picasso in 1953). The memoirs these women have written make it clear that life with Picasso was hardly a bed of roses. More tragic than they, however, was the intellectually gifted and enigmatic painter Dora Maar, who now apparently lives as a recluse, maintaining a dignified silence regarding the genius whose feelings toward women became more violent and ambivalent as they became more intense.

Because of Picasso's desire to possess his model —a desire brilliantly discussed by Leo Steinberg in his recent *Artforum* article, "Picasso: Drawing as if To Possess"—he may be seen as a contemporary Pygmalion, the archetypal artist who was so in love with his own sculpture of the nymph Galatea that he had (Continued on page 169)



Picasso, in his present studio, *photographed in Mougins, France, with two paintings of his late period.*



good news that won't wait for Summer... and Chér

Bareness, softness, pale color or the most emphatic: all these are on for summer, and often earlier. And on this particular superstar because, like Chér, there is that lovely clean, racy, bone-pared simplicity to them—the word is modern.

the fashion for bareness

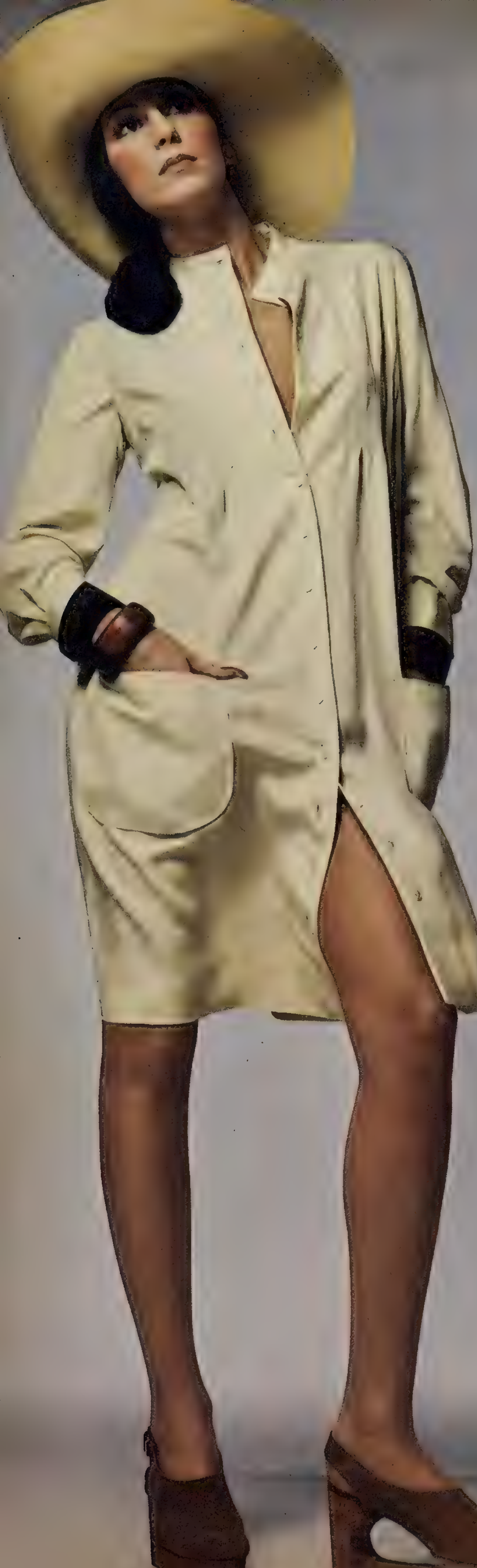
Cling of orange halter with a bit of skin showing where it wraps at the waist and nothing in back—and nothing to keep it out of circulation any night of the year. Worn, with matching pants, by the ravishing half of TV's *Sonny and Chér Comedy Hour* and of the new album *All I Ever Need Is You*. (More Chér ahead—and in Beauty Checkout.)...Halter and pants, about $50. By Adri for Clothes Circuit; of Enkalure nylon (Fair-Tex fabric). At Lord & Taylor; Burdine's; Battelstein's; I. Magnin.

the beauty of vibrant makeup

Made up, not faked up—for all the color, there's still a sense of real skin coming through. And this definitely won't wait for summer—you may/may not get around to pinning a yellow streak in your hair (pretty for a change, though, yes?), but get to the makeup. Fast. (And wait till you see it with something pale...next page.) Tovar-Tresses Dynel hairpiece. Coifs, all twelve pages, by Suga.







the fashion for

Paleness

The smock dress, *far left*, short and airy in natural silk pongee — like walking into a breeze and having it around you all day. By Irene McParland for Vera, about $58. Bloomingdale's; G. Fox; Jacobson's, Michigan; Bullock's Wilshire....Discovery in beauty, *left* — a silk shantung pants suit in a pink that manages to be crisp and soft, warm and cool, tender and strong. In other words, a perfect pink . . , than which few things in this world are more becoming. By Victor Joris for V & J Designs, about $165. At Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; Jacobson's, Michigan; I. Magnin....The dolman-sleeved shirt blows in on the pongee wind, *right* — tails out and a drawstring waist over wide matching pants. Oscar de La Renta Boutique, of Brochers Couture silk; about $185. Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Furchgott's; Halle's-Cleveland; Swanson's; Sakowitz. Accessories, next to last page.

AVEDON



the fashion for *w*hite

And the news of a proper summer suit again, right: fitted jacket and circular skirt in a polished linen-y white, with a navy blouse. Plus natty navy beret, floating scarf, two-tone ties — if everyone could look this fresh and dashing on a warm city day, who would ever leave town? By John Anthony, about $200. At Saks Fifth Avenue, Hutzler's; Dayton's. Accessories, next to last page this issue.

the beauty of a *b*ig straw hat

That thing of the brim, the way it catches the breeze and catches the light and dapples it around, and the hint of a white garden a stock behind the ear — the only thing more dazzling on the face is a big smile. (This, by Cher... the hat, Mr. John Flower Modes cotton gardenia, at Lord & Taylor.)





the beauty of brilliant nails

...against fair skin, tanned skin. Against the sheer, cool, sculptured paleness of David Webb's carved rock crystal, *left*, with diamond swirls on the cuff and a nest of diamonds in the dome of the ring (not, alas, destined for every woman's jewel box — no more than Cher-length nails are going to be on every woman's fingers — but you get the point, bright polish with pale color. With any color — nothing's more ready polished without polish any

the fashion for brilliant pales

Pale fire, *left* — a dolman sleeved five o'clocker from Norell, totally covered in silver bugle beads. And as totally covered and strict as a dress can be — you think: in fact, the black is just one thing giving place to the white, and the whole thing [illegible] to the beauty [illegible] — Norell [illegible]

SUMMER AND CHÉR

the beauty of a Small wrapped head at night

It has the fit of a little hat and the charm of a little hat. But it's yards of black veiling, *left*—and with a frill of hair pulled out on the cheek and glitter hanging like lightning, one of those looks that makes a woman see fresh potential in her own femininity.

the fashion for the

Soft black pyjama at night

It can have bareness, like the matte jersey jumpsuit-pyjama, *opposite*, with no back—and all the answers: dinner in, out, theater, travel—the whole delicious route. By Bill Blass, of rayon (Jasco Fabrics). About $145. At Saks Fifth Avenue; B. Forman; O'Neil's....

It can be very covered, like the two-piece knit pyjama, *left*, with a hugely dolman-sleeved blouson and super-wide legs so that everything just flows and blows in an easy, luxurious way. By Geoffrey Beene, of Trevira (Onondaga fabric). About $240. At Lord & Taylor; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Halle's-Cleveland; Hudson's. Accessories, next to last page.

AVEDON

the fashion for showing some skin

Black with lots of no back, *left*, for a figure that doesn't need lots of anything — simply a rush of matte jersey held on with apron strings. By Scott Barrie; Jasco Fabrics rayon. About $105. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Marie Leavell; Sakowitz.... Black with options of bareness, *right:* the any-time pants suit — depending on what goes under the shirt-jacket. Or what doesn't — buttoned twice at the waist over nothing is a very nice turn on bareness. Tailored but sexy (and no buttons even more so... those who can, do). Originala designed by Ilie Wacs, of Fibranne. About $345. Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Gidding-Jenny. Accessory details, next to last page.

the beauty of changing your hair

...of doing a vampy little fringe one night, rolling it up on the sides another. As interesting as a change of mood... easy as changing clothes. (Cher's short wig, by Schiaparelli, of Elura, coiffed by Suga... as was her own hair, right, and on all these 12 pages.)

AVEDON



as desired as Monroe
as enigmatic as Garbo
as blunt as Hepburn
as individual as Bernhardt

Dominique Sanda

tells what it's like to be all that—at twenty

BY JOSÉ LUÍS DE VILALLONGA

The first thing that strikes you is the voice. A deep, warm, convincing voice. Then the diction, clear, precise. Each word rings true. Each, evidently, is chosen with extreme care. At once you want to believe what she says. And what she says is never empty nor frivolous.

Physically, she is nothing like a film star. She is a tall young woman of the "proper" type, thank God, of which, there are so few left. Any mother would be happy to have her son fix his choice on this girl, deliberately silent, occasionally haughty.

She is beautiful as women used to be beautiful. As if by chance. Long blond hair beautifully kept. Not a trace of makeup. A clean well-washed skin, sparkling teeth, clear eyes, intelligent hands, unpolished almond-shaped nails.

Scarcely knowing her, I think I can guess in which part of town she was born and, more, which foods nourished her body and mind: grated carrots and Saint-Exupéry. She seems so simple, so honest. So healthy.

And yet I am mistaken. All along the line. As only those can be mistaken for whom a voice, a look, a gesture count above all. For Dominique Sanda is dynamite. Within her rage all the storms of this wild and wonderful world which is ours. To my question, "What would you like the world to be?"—an idiotic question at the best of times—she replied simply, "Chaos." Right away I like her. Chaos is the very opposite of routine, of closed doors, of successful love affairs, of well-worn paths.

Q: At what age, then, did you begin your personal revolution?

SANDA: At fifteen. I had just left the convent of St. Vincent de Paul where I was educated—the sort of sinister farce not to inflict on a child. I wanted to paint. Study at the Beaux-Arts. My father is an engineer. My mother, well, my mother is my mother. Naturally, they were against it, both of them. For them the Beaux-Arts meant dirty, bearded young men who would bring me home late at night after having drugged me and raped me behind an easel. And then, a daughter who paints is a daughter lost to society. Their society. The one they still call "good." So, naturally, I took it into my head to do everything to blow it up, this society. Now I know that society will not blow up. It will collapse all by itself, like a rotten fruit with a "plop" like the sound of beautiful music.

We are in the home of a friend of both of us, near the Arc de Triomphe, in an enormous apartment without furniture. A Great Dane, the color of blond tortoiseshell, slides silently across the parquet floor, a yellow apple in his jaws, as if in a film by Bergman.

SANDA: I did study at the Beaux-Arts after all. Well, a little.

Q: But for all that you didn't become a painter.

SANDA: No. It was an exhausting and solitary experience. I became a mannequin.

Q: Ah? I would never have expected that of you. Why a mannequin?

SANDA: Like that. By chance. Like everything that happens to me. Someone liked a photograph of me. I posed for two or three photographers. Then the wheels were set in motion, very quickly. Money, freedom, better yet, the possibility of escape. That lasted a year and a half. I went everywhere. Very far away. To real countries. To Africa—you can breathe there, you know—to the States—I could have discovered Asia. . . .

Q: And your parents?

SANDA: They reacted like good French Roman Catholic parents. Scandal in the family. It was terrible. Tears, reproaches. Terror, in fact.

The tortoiseshell Great Dane lies down at our feet. The yellow apple rolls on the shining floor. Flowers are fading in a vase also on the floor. Suddenly we are in a Dutch painting.

Q: And the cinema? How, when, and why?

SANDA: The cinema, at first, was Bresson. He was looking for a girl to play the lead in *Une Femme Douce*. He chose me from a photo he had seen in Vogue.

Q: Not very serious for such a Jansenist as he.

SANDA: No. Obviously. But he is a strange man. The first time I went to see him I was wearing a droopy multicolored dress, chains and scarves around my neck, boots. I was, for the fashion at that time, outrageously made up. He, however, saw me all grey. I became, almost without a word, his *femme douce*, a sort of faceless drab, without shape, without backbone. Strangely enough, my family was rather pleased to know I was in the hands of Bresson.

Q: Catholics of all nationalities are always reassured by sad men.

SANDA: True. When I was little, someone said in front of me that it was not possible to be gay and respectable at the same time. Bresson is a very sad man. All tied up in knots. Nevertheless, we got on very well during the filming, Bresson and I. He hates actors, you know. It's visceral with him. But I was only a beginner, not yet spoiled by the profession. So, with me, he was almost kind. I have never agreed with him about anything he thinks about the cinema. I simply let myself be manipulated.

A military march vibrates the windowpanes. At the Arc de Triomphe, men in berets are relighting the flickering Flame in the grey dusk.

SANDA: What I owe most to Bresson is the discovery of the cinema. For that I will always be grateful to him. Between the cinema and me it was, instantly, love. A crazy love. A passion.

Q: How far have you gone in the cinema world at the moment?

SANDA: I have made six films. Immediately after that of Bresson, I made one in Hungary under the direction of Maximilian Schell, *First Love*, from a novel by Turgenev. Then *The Conformist* with my dear, my great friend Bernardo Bertolucci. Then *The Garden of the Finzi-Continis* with Vittorio De Sica, *The Night of the Flowers* with Gian Vittorio Baldi, and *Sans Mobile Apparent* directed by Philippe Labro.



I made several of these films without any real pleasure. Just for the money. And also because one must work in order not to be forgotten. Others, on the contrary, were a sort of revelation to me, an opening onto an unknown world peopled by extraordinary creatures. Thanks to *The Conformist* I met Bernardo Bertolucci—that completely exceptional human being.

If only for that, the cinema has marked my life.

Suddenly she has the tone of a provincial housewife speaking of her beloved lord and master. Obscurely, this irritates me:

Q: The cinema is above all a profession. Why do you love it so much?

SANDA: Listen, for me the cinema is total schizophrenia. An atmosphere that suits me. Constantly changing one's skin. Being and no longer being. Losing myself and finding myself. I think I could never again do without it. And then—one day—I will be able to choose my films. That is, I will be able to say no to all the trashy geniuses who make you film any old thing as long as it's commercial.

Q: Good. But for the moment you haven't reached that point. So, for what reasons do you accept a role?

SANDA: First, for the director. Antonioni, Bertolucci, Fellini, even Visconti. These are people who never film stupid stories. Then, naturally, for the subject. That, too, is very important. Even under the aegis of one of these directors, I would never support certain causes on the screen.

Q: Which causes?

SANDA: Those which you yourself would not support.

Q: Right. Thank you. And your costars? What is their real importance?

SANDA: It is very agreeable for an actor to play opposite "an eye which listens attentively."

Q: You are thinking of Jean-Louis Trintignant.

SANDA: That was easy to guess.

Q: And money, Mademoiselle Sanda? Fees, contracts, all that?

SANDA: Oh. It's very simple. I never worry about how long my career will last. For the good reason that it could end tomorrow. Obviously, I am in an ephemeral business. Therefore it is logical, I would even say decent, that I should profit to the maximum while I can. You know, I don't love money. Not at all. But money is a tool of freedom. A precious tool. So one must have it. In order to speak up.

I agree. We nod our heads gravely, both of us. She is more beautiful in profile than face to face. More subtle also, much less open.

SANDA (looking at her hands): Naturally, if Fellini should ask me to make a film with him for nothing, I would do it on my knees.

How well I understand her. I have done the same. I still dream of it.

Q: When you speak of directors, you only mention Italian names. Why?

SANDA: I think they are the best.

Q: People think that you yourself are Italian.

SANDA: Not true. I am French and from Paris.

Q: Yet, Sanda. . . .

SANDA: Yes, I know. It sounds Italian. It's a name I invented, like that, out of the blue—for the Bresson film. I didn't want to embarrass my parents by using my real name. So—Sanda—it's pretty, isn't it? Round and sensual. In Italy it's even prettier. There they call me La Sanda, as they used to say La Duse—and today La Callas. It's very comforting. (Continued on page 168)

AVEDON

SNOB

Snobbery is an infectious disease of unknown etiology to which many families show a hereditary disposition. Though usually benign, it may lead to serious complications, when treatment by such old-fashioned remedies as "Peer's Poultice" is merely palliative. When the snobbery level rises beyond the danger point, the condition can no longer be concealed; swivel-eye, cold shoulder, and bootlicker's twitch make their appearance, a glazed look is evident which gives way to an inane satisfaction when a "fix" is obtained. In severe cases it has been found necessary to cut off the telephone. Snobbery is common to both sexes, it is usually irreversible, and cures must be viewed with the gravest suspicion. A knowledge of his condition and cooperation with his physician, however, may enable the patient to contain the malady and lead an otherwise useful life. Institutionalization is seldom necessary and the communal boasting matches arranged by "Snoblings Anonymous" indicate a more fruitful line. Snobology and snobography are still in their infancy.

The dictionary defines a snob as a "person with exaggerated respect for social position or wealth and a disposition to be ashamed of socially inferior connections, behave with servility to social superiors, and judge of merit by externals, whence snobbish, snobbishly, snobbishness, snobbery, snobling, and snobocracy. We may discard the earlier meanings, 'cobbler's man' and 'man of low birth or breeding or social position.'" Well said, Concise Oxford Dictionary—you've got it. Thackeray's definition, "He who meanly admires mean things," is merely spiteful; "one who dearly loves a lord," meaningless.

Snobbery arises in early childhood; it is born of vanity and insecurity; only the saints are without it and anyone is likely to be infected to some extent who has ever detected snobbery in others. Even some of the Disciples were not above arguing about their place *à table* in the next world. The Ark was riddled with it.

In the eyes of an infant its parents are gods, then giants, then demons; but as soon as education begins, one's status symbols are born: the prince, the princess, the king and queen, and the latter remain identified with the parents in all subsequent dreams. The Prince de Ligne recalled a dream in which he was presented to Louis XV, his Queen, and the royal sisters (as had actually happened to him in the past), but in his dream he wore nothing but a leather apron which came off with each obeisance (and was bare behind) until the Chamberlain (the Duc de Richelieu, presumably) removed him. He was in fact dreaming of shocking his own parents on their thrones and, as happens in all dreams of social gaffes, public incontinence, nudity, etc., the audience was quite expressionless.

We are especially conditioned through living under a monarchy to identify the king and queen with father and mother, and most of our fairy stories show these unapproachable figures condescending to children, charcoal burners, chimney sweeps, Cinderellas, and other humble folk and marrying the lowest of their subjects. As long as the subconscious equates the parents with the palace, royalty will always have an electric effect on the most unlikely people, especially as the parents themselves in their own day were impressed by royalty and transmitted this weakness:

They're changing guard
at Buckingham Palace—
Christopher Robin went
down with Alice.
"Do you think the King
knows all about me?*"*
"Sure to, dear, but it's
time for tea,"
Says Alice.

—A.A. MILNE

When we look at the animal world we see that the pecking order is found in mammals, birds, and fishes. The order is not inalterable and every robust young creature has a chance to better itself—baboons or elephants may challenge the leader, or a hen be advanced above her colleagues through being chosen by the cock as consort. While speculating on its social position and its ability to improve it, every vertebrate may be said to manifest snobbery in a rudimentary degree; a voice within says, "Friend, go up higher."

Awareness of rank is an attribute of all human societies. Who is to decide when it is "exaggerated"? "To judge of merit by externals"—what are "externals"? Birth, looks, money—but also brains, success, and power. The aristocracy may go under, the plutocracy be taxed out of existence; there remain cabinet ministers, executives, presidents, civil servants, technocrats, the kinds of people who confer status in Communist countries, also lawyers and doctors, artists and writers, even generals.

Pavlov induced nervous breakdowns in dogs by setting them more and more difficult problems to solve to obtain food, i.e., distinguishing a circle which became increasingly elliptical. A similar breakdown has been induced in a snobling by forcing him to choose between an aristocrat and a millionaire. At first nothing seems easier, for the aristocrat is probably both; but in later tests he becomes increasingly down at heel and finally retains no trace of superior breeding except his title, while the millionaire is also a seedy old crook who has done time.

Matters of grammar and pronunciation are among the child's pitfalls for which he is often mocked by parents or other children, and these distinctions acquire an exaggerated significance which has been capitalized by Professor Ross, along with Nancy Mitford and others. Nobody gets everything right and everyone can be humiliated by someone else provided they accept the rules which too often change as soon as they are learned. In general, those who don't abbreviate seem to get the better of those who do; but even if "phone" still jars, "fridge" seems universally accepted and many correct pronunciations are now almost obsolete. "Wooburn" for Woburn is on its way out, and the one rule for a classless society is to pronounce everything as it is spelled. This means the death knell of the short "o" and "London" rhymes with "John John"; "Tonbridge," "one," "won," "Constable" sound as in "ponder."

Television newscasters spread the infection, BBC sound announcers preserve the old speech. An announcer I heard on the South African radio had the best accent of all—pure prewar "Ox-

BERY

INCURABLE, CONTAGIOUS . . . SOME OF THE BEST PEOPLE HAVE IT

"i admit that i am a snob myself"

BY CYRIL CONNOLLY,

distinguished critic and writer, scholar of Eton school and Balliol College, Oxford, founder and one-time editor of the brilliant English literary magazine *Horizon*

ford" BBC from the days of Alvar Lidell, John Snagge, or Desmond MacCarthy. A proof of the effects of snobbery is that nobody minds pronouncing a place wrong, e.g., Greenwich, Theobald's Road, or St. Mary Axe; but people wince if they can't manage a title—Mowbray, Segrave and Stourton, or Dalziel, Althorp. Do the English care if they mispronounce American names—Groton, Tucson? Or French ones—Talleyrand, Rohan, Croy, Broglie, Choiseul? Not very much.

Vanity and insecurity! What a combination, yet that is how I grew up, showing off and being found out, surrounded by taboos about what to wear, what to say, how to say it, where to go, and what a little gentleman does. Fallen fortunes—"If only Grandma had been a boy."

My preparatory school was a hotbed of snobbery due to the social ambitions of the headmistress; an early friend was Cecil Beaton who was to devote his whole life to the world of fashion and extend its limits in two continents. Externals have done him proud. It was the V-I component (short for vanity and insecurity) of parents and teachers that pushed me into winning a scholarship at Eton, at that time the most class-conscious school in the world. One was now old enough to be ashamed of one's parents' hats and to be unable to give one's address which was in Surrey and should have been in Hampshire.

I have said that snobbery is hereditary and I have been told that my great-grandfather, General Connolly, was a snob who reveled in having been mistaken for William IV; his son, Admiral Connolly, married the eldest daughter of the Rev. Charles Kemble, the millionaire Rector of Bath, and used a die with the crest and arms of the Conollies of Castletown, to which, I am afraid, he was not entitled. This anomaly was remarked on by my mother's father, Colonel Vernon, who mentioned in books of reference that he had sixty-three quarterings; his own father had a splendid pedigree drawn up by the Ulster King at Arms in 1837. By postulating an ancestor who lived for about 120 years and bridged a bad gap, the Vernons can claim an unbroken descent from the time of the Norman Conquest onwards.

It was among such legends that I grew up and now I possess both the pedigree and the die with which to reinfect my own children. It was not, of course, called snobbery, but family pride; and my father kept a book of pedigrees of all of them, even the humblest, which he referred to with mock irony as "the book of snobs." I have that, too.

At this point I see there is something wrong with the dictionary definition, for I think we will all be much happier if I admit that I am a snob myself, not particularly about money or even royalty but certainly about old families, especially those "who are all in the old school list." This goes with an almost insane passion for old houses and the silver, china, furniture, pictures, butlers which they once contained.

There is no better remedy for V-I than an old butler or, failing that, a good club servant. "That is the little room, Sir, where members used to dine who were not in evening dress; we used to call that 'The Dirty Room.'"

I once got a friend in the Record Office to try to trace my ancestor, the first Matthew Connolly, father of the General (and of five other naval officers) who had run away to sea in 1750, aged sixteen. After consulting his collection of ships' logs and muster books, he reported that M.C. had enrolled in the Navy in Dublin and had been taken to Plymouth, dying at Portsmouth, aged fifty, with sufficient influence for all his sons to obtain commissions, but with no higher rank himself than Master Gunner of the "Britannia." This fitted in with a rumor that one of his daughters had caused the fact to be obliterated from his tomb and had given out that he was a "Captain in the West India Regiment." Before the muster books had been put back in their vaults, an erect military figure, descended from another of the six sons, said he wished to have his ancestor, Matthew Connolly, believed to be a Captain in the Navy, investigated. My friend Noel Blakiston simply pushed the open page over to him and the rest was silence.

In the classic snobographical syndrome, backbone of Western fiction, code name Guermantes, the royal mana of the parents is transferred to the occupants of the local Big House with whom the infant snobling longs to be associated; he gets acquainted through trespassing, attending Country Functions (the Meet) or some Ball or Garden Party, or else through the ministrations of a school friend, friend of the family, or socially prominent relative (i.e., invented bachelor uncle). Introduction is ef- (Continued on page 176)





"OUR FAMILY SEAT, SCHLOSS WERENWAG," *LEFT*, "A FOURTEENTH-CENTURY GERMAN CASTLE ABOVE THE DANUBE, IS A SUMMER WHIRLWIND OF GUESTS AND CHILDREN."

IN 4 LANGUAGES HER LIFE SPELLS GO

PRINCESS TERESA ZU FÜRSTENBERG

TELLS HOW A MODERN EUROPEAN KEEPS FIT, BEAUTIFUL, GOING FULL TILT FROM GERMAN CASTLE TO SWISS CHALET TO ITALIAN ISLAND.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY HENRY CLARKE

BY MARY ROBLEE HENRY

Princess Teresa zu Fürstenberg, beautiful, buoyant, involved, merges great tradition with the real-life style of The New European Woman. She is an earth person, giving big cities a wide berth, and her look mirrors the freshness of the nature she lives with—winters of racing down ski slopes in St. Moritz, summers in the romantic woodlands of her German castle, Schloss Werenwag, holidays on the Italian island of Ischia.

Born Princess Teresa von Lippe-Weissenfeld, Teresa Fürstenberg has a lanky grace, a surprised zither-sweet voice, and a gaiety that mark her as Austrian. Her spirit is indelibly European; she could never be taken for American. Her intensity is more malleable than hard-edged, her emotional depth so thinly filmed that it erupts in instant tenderness; her assurance lies less in accomplishment than in awareness of her femininity. Life, the contrasts of war, loss, and wealth have taught her to face challenge with gallantry, to live her own solid values.

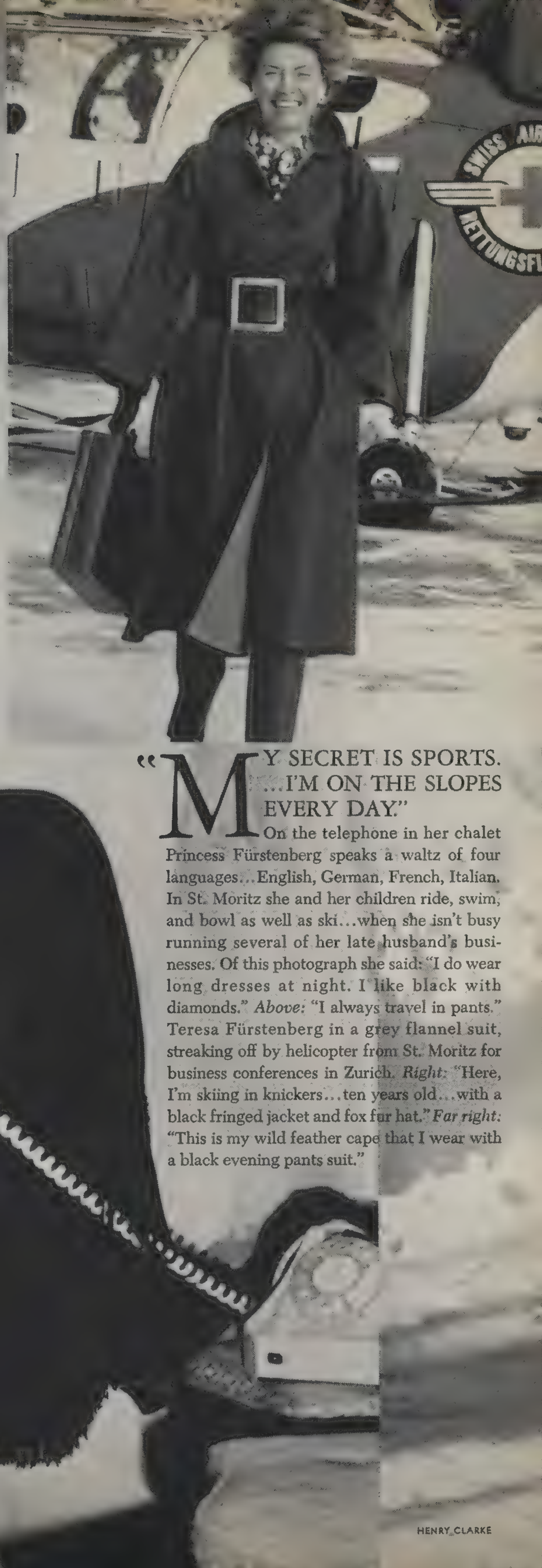
She doesn't know the word boredom. Sound barriers hardly exist as she has the splendid Europeanism of language, leaping off a plane at any airport and coping flawlessly in German, French, Italian, and English. She centers a wide periphery of action, but holds the world closely. A woman whose beauty springs from within, she lights a room. No ivory-tower princess, Teresa Fürstenberg moves, glows like torchlight on snow.

Here she explains her life and how she lives it:

"My secret is sports. I do them all year round. Winter skiing, *lang lauf* (cross-country), in St. Moritz. We—the children and I—swim twice (Continued on page 166)

"LIFE IS SO FULL, I'M NEVER BORED," SAID PRINCESS FÜRSTENBERG, PHOTOGRAPHED *LEFT*, WITH HER OLDER DAUGHTER, NINA, IN THEIR CHALET AT ST. MORITZ.





"MY SECRET IS SPORTS. ...I'M ON THE SLOPES EVERY DAY."

On the telephone in her chalet Princess Fürstenberg speaks a waltz of four languages...English, German, French, Italian. In St. Moritz she and her children ride, swim, and bowl as well as ski...when she isn't busy running several of her late husband's businesses. Of this photograph she said: "I do wear long dresses at night. I like black with diamonds." *Above:* "I always travel in pants." Teresa Fürstenberg in a grey flannel suit, streaking off by helicopter from St. Moritz for business conferences in Zurich. *Right:* "Here, I'm skiing in knickers...ten years old...with a black fringed jacket and fox fur hat." *Far right:* "This is my wild feather cape that I wear with a black evening pants suit."

HENRY CLARKE

PRINCESS FÜRSTENBERG

GO IN ST. MORITZ







HENRY CLARKE

PRINCESS FÜRSTENBERG

GO AT SCHLOSS WERENWAG

"YOU FEEL TERRIBLY HEALTHY HERE. EVERYTHING WE EAT COMES FROM THE PROPERTY."

"I don't shoot, but my guests do; and we eat everything we shoot. Our land provides eggs, milk, butter, cheese, flour for the bread.... So good for the children. I walk in the woods wearing Austrian shooting clothes." *This page:* "Brown leather pants, brown Loden cape. I love brown for the country." *Left:* "At the castle, we all have a big country breakfast together." Princess Teresa holding Kati, five, with Nina, eleven, standing, and Maxi, nine, munching, in the vast blue-and-white dining room of Schloss Werenwag.

PRINCESS FÜRSTENBERG

GO ON ISCHIA



"I'M LAZY HERE—SWIMMING, FISHING, PLAYING TENNIS. OTHER PLACES I WORK A LOT."

In Ischia: "We live on the beach...for a complete relax from running the castle and the chalet, we stay at the Hotel Regina Isabella. And I take a nurse for the children, often an English girl so they'll all speak English." *Below:* Teresa Fürstenberg, sun-scarved, with sun-hatted daughters, Kati and Nina. *Left:* In tennis whites..."we all play tennis... we use the courts enormously." *Right:* "Every afternoon we go to the piazza for *gelati*—delicious Italian ice cream." Princess Fürstenberg with her healthy, laughing, blond and blue-eyed flock: Nina, Kati, and Maxi.



HENRY CLARK



What every woman needs to know:

42 ways to say

BY HELEN VAN SLYKE

EDITOR'S NOTE: *In her first novel,* The Rich and the Righteous *(Doubleday, Dell paperback), Helen Van Slyke wrote about the beauty business, her business as a beauty editor and as a cosmetics-company executive. Her second book,* All Visitors Must Be Announced, *is scheduled by Doubleday for fall.*

Actors, authors, astronauts, painters, poets, and peasants don't turn me on. Neither do most heart surgeons, hairdressers, or dress designers. My heart belongs to the men or women, endowed either with incredibly nimble minds or awesome senses of self-preservation, who can say "No" and make it stick. I am slack-jawed with admiration for their ability never to do what they don't want to do.

Ever since Miss Otis sent her regrets via Cole Porter, I have collected classic examples of The Art of Refusal. Everybody knows about Napoleon's "Not tonight, Josephine." And a few of us recall the World War II General who, when invited to surrender, inelegantly but explicitly replied, "Nuts!"

And what about Sam Goldwyn who enriched the language, and probably his life, with "Include me out"? Could anyone top the purest put-down of the century—Calvin Coolidge's Yankee brush-off, "I do not choose to run"? That's *guts.*

In my book—the engagement one—I am the patsy, the Girl Who Can't Say No. Faced with a sudden, appalling social invitation, my reaction is panic. The palms become moist. The face pales. The mind turns to marshmallow whip. No matter how undesirable the offer, I never can think of a way to refuse it, not even rudely. The result has been a misspent life of social and/or business engagements during most of which I wished I were dead. When the Lord was passing out snappy negatives, I obviously was behind the barn door agreeing to do something I didn't want to do.

The hardest invitations to refuse are the eyeball-to-eyeball variety where the extendor can clearly read the dismay on the face of the extendee. The most common and almost as difficult are those that catch you off-guard on the telephone. And it is to those I have given serious thought in the hope of arriving at salvation. (I don't worry too much about summonses arriving by mail. One does have time to think of some kind of excuse before answering.)

I have compiled a list of the most usual and most dreaded offers with instant-negatives suitable for each. The list is divided into two types of refusals: reasonably polite ones for people you don't want to alienate eternally and outrageous ones for those you don't give a damn about.

There are only two rules. Your excuse must be either so simple or so startling that it has the ring of truth, on the theory that no normal (?) human being could have invented it on the spot. The other thing is that, whatever you say, deliver the blow quickly, like a rabbit punch. Hesitate, and credibility is lost.

Clip the list and keep it pasted somewhere close to the phone. Next to your doctor's number, maybe. (Keep a list of fictitious names, too, in the space provided on this page. You'll see why, later.) Note that many of the evasions may be used for more than one situation, but for God's sake remember not to use the same excuse more than once on the same person. Maybe you'd better put initials by the alibi, at least until you get the hang of it. Remember the motto: "Be brief, be bright, and begone."

WRITE HERE YOUR LIST OF FAKE NAMES FOR EXCUSES

HOW TO DECLINE A DREARY DINNER PARTY

outrageously:

1. Ask for the guest list and then say you'd sooner dine with the Boston Strangler.
2. Confide that the last time you had a meal there, the doctor couldn't decide whether it was ptomaine or hepatitis.
3. Announce that anybody with a brain bigger than a pea wouldn't set foot in that neighborhood after dark.

politely:

1. Plead a previous engagement with someone the would-be hostess doesn't know. (See why you need that list of nonexistent people?)
2. Regret that you have to entertain your (or your husband's) terrible out-of-town clients that night.
3. Moan that you're on the most awful diet of goat's milk and organic vegetables.

HOW TO TURN DOWN A TERRIBLE LUNCH DATE

outrageously:

1. Drawl that you've given up restaurants until *Women's Wear Daily* stops photographing you coming out of them.
2. Snarl that—hot or cold—anybody who pays those prices for lunch is either an ass or an expense-account phony.
3. Snap that eating with women bores hell out of you altogether.

politely:

1. Bubble that you've signed up for a gym class every day at noon.
2. Confess that you have to lose ten pounds. So lunch is out of the question. *Definitely.*
3. Sigh that you've promised the kids you'd be home for lunch every day. So lunch is out of the question. *Indefinitely.*

NO *politely, outrageously*

HOW TO GET OUT OF A HIDEOUS WEEKEND

outrageously:

1. Say that you're fed up with the plumbing in that crumby old beach house.
2. Tell her she runs her weekends like a cruise director and you've had it with all that organized fun.
3. Confide that the last time you were there her husband made a pass at you.

politely:

1. Admit that you've had to give up visiting because you walk in your sleep.
2. Be so sorry that you're booked for every weekend all summer. (Back to that fake-name list!)
3. Complain that you can't shop during the week, and now that the stores are open Saturdays year around, you stay in town.

HOW TO DUCK A CHARITY BALL

outrageously:

1. Intone that your horoscope absolutely forbids you to leave the house that day.
2. Ask if there'll be big, free gift bags at each place. Then say you already have enough sample cosmetics to last a lifetime.
3. Declare coldly that you happen to know that that particular charity is 100 percent Mafia-controlled.

politely:

1. Rue the fact that Mrs. X (bless that list) has already approached you about *her* charity that night.
2. Plead a long-planned trip. (Aspen? Marrakesh? Jamaica? Anywhere, as long as it takes planning.)
3. You have theater tickets, but you'll be happy to send a donation.

HOW TO KEEP A HOUSEGUEST AWAY

outrageously:

1. Whisper that you gave away the Castro because it was full of tsetse flies.
2. Complain that last time she came to visit she burned a hole in the eighteenth-century nightstand, got lipstick on the Porthault sheets.
3. Carol that you're now using the guest room for Ramon, your live-in hairdresser.

politely:

1. Worry that the ceiling's flaking over the guest bed and you live in dread of lead poisoning.
2. Apologize that the housekeeper has threatened to leave if you have one more overnight guest this year.
3. Boast modestly that an important government official whose initials are H.K. is sneaking into town to stay-guess-where-that-week.

HOW TO KICK A LOVE AFFAIR WHEN YOU WANT TO

outrageously:

1. Mutter that your psychiatrist has concluded your lover is bringing out your paranoid tendencies.
2. State flatly that all your friends find him strictly Biedermeier—a very heavy piece of furniture.
3. Tell him that his table manners remind you of your first husband's.

politely:

1. Say you know he'll be happy to hear you're getting married. (Be sure there are men's names on that list.)
2. Confess that you're getting too emotional about him and you know he doesn't want to get involved.
3. Cry that you're just not good enough for him. (And don't be talked out of it.)

HOW TO ESCAPE A FAMILY REUNION

outrageously:

1. Say you think it's only fair to tell them you're having an affair with your sister's husband.
2. Announce that as far as you're concerned, the only time families should gather is at the reading of The Will.
3. Regret that you're booked to speak at a protest rally denouncing Mamie Eisenhower, Rose Kennedy, and The Queen Mother.

politely:

1. With your blood pressure, the doctor advises against any emotional strain.
2. You wouldn't want them to see you, The Way You Look These Days.
3. Since none of these is going to work, accept and get the Flu the day before.

LAST NOTE: If you really want to make history, ignore *all* the above and simply say, without any explanation, "Thanks, but I do not choose to do that."

Think about it.

Can you remember *anything else* Coolidge ever said?

TREASURE HOUSE

In New York, not Xanadu—but a stately pleasure dome nonetheless... Kenneth J. Lane's town house

Whatever feels good to the touch is beautiful to the eye—that's for Kenneth J. Lane. . . . The jewelry designer collects treasures of every kind and period from all over the world, and brings them back to a New York town house. . . . As the sky deepens into night, Ken's living room comes to life—light from candles and muted lamps scintillates, gleams, flickers in this fourteen-foot-tall treasure chest of a room. It is the lair of a passionate collector, with walls lacquered in imitation of the honey-colored birch burl of a Fabergé case. Everywhere, on every surface . . . marvelous objects—clusters of covered cups of Augsburg silver, Roman marble torsos, Korean tables inlaid with mother-of-pearl, African sculptures and Indian miniatures, rare books and silver boxes, Renaissance ivories, furs and leather, lacquer and rock crystal, malachite and gold—all, massed, arranged in a density of glinting shapes and a sheen of color to intrigue, puzzle, soothe the eye. "I have never had that Oriental sense that some collectors do—they alternate, store things away, display one object at a time. I like to see it all! I was never happier than in my one-room apartment. I could wake up and see everything I owned." A clearly impossible feat now, but Ken's delight in being surrounded by beautiful things is unchanged.



Above: Kenneth J. Lane added a glass-enclosed winter garden on the ground floor, a balcony and pedimented portico on the parlor floor of his Manhattan brownstone. Walls of the courtyard are sheltered by treillage, set with Portuguese tiles. . . . *Left,* Ken in the stair hall, austerely furnished as a foil for the living room, *opposite,* an Aladdin's cave of splendors. Greek and Roman marble torsos on Lucite pedestals stand before glass doors which open on the balcony shown above.

HORST



TREASURE HOUSE

Above: Treasures of many sorts and provenances make Kenneth J. Lane's living room one complex jewel of a room. . . . Over the fireplace, a 17th-century Italian portrait of a Benin prince of Africa. Gold-and-enamel 18th-century Venetian busts of blackamoors, two bronze doré Venetian ewers, and a gold Chimu mask stand on the mantel. Flanking the fireplace, two memento mori still-lifes and, below them, a pair of black-and-gold lacquer 17th-century Chinese chests on stands. On one, a collection of rock crystal orbs; on the other, a group of covered cups of Augsburg silver. Before the fire, a low lacquer table and, on it, 19th-century American spindles of whalebone and contemporary Venetian glass vases made to Ken's order from Renaissance models. A pair of Louis XV bergères, leather-upholstered, two 19th-century American horn chairs, and pillows in *faux tigre* velvet. Venetian shades of amber cotton hang in the big window wall which opens onto the balcony. . . . *Opposite top:* The dining room was conceived as "A Lady Mary Wortley Montagu room—Recollections of the East." To that end, it was tented by Mac II in an Oriental design on cotton. Over a corner banquette, an exotic landscape and an 18th-century Italian watercolor of a rhinoceros and an elephant. On an English console topped by a carved French palm, a Charles X bronze-and-elephant-tusk garniture. On the fireplace wall are bookshelves, partially covered by portières, and, before them, console tables on which stand 18th-century Japanese lacquer trays. On the mantel, part of a collection of *blanc de chine*. This view of the dining room is from the door leading to the winter garden.



Left: The stair hall of Kenneth J. Lane's New York town house. "It's a little too big for the house, but I like that sense of waste space," he says. Hanging against a mirrored wall, a pair of antlers engraved in the 16th century with figures in a landscape. Below the antlers, a 17th-century Italian chest of ebony inlaid with ivory figures. It is placed on a polished chrome stand. To the left of the chest, a 19th-century American horn chair. *Right:* The winter garden, designed and executed with the help of Manfred Ibel and Paul Csete, opens onto the real garden, is banked with plants, floored in the same parquet of terra-cotta tile and wood as the dining room, and lit by a battery of lights regulated by rheostat for effects from moonlit jungle to summer afternoon.

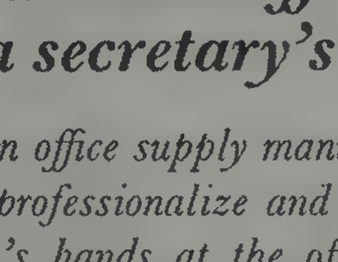
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FÜRSTENBERG

(Continued from page 153)

"My children are much more important than my work"

a week at the big marvelous heated pool at the Palace hotel. And we go bowling there, too. And we ride. I'm a poor rider, but I love it. What else? Dancing. At the King's Club, at private parties. Very tiring, I can tell you, after all the skiing.

"I always wear pants during the day and for traveling; one feels so free, so right in pants. At night I often wear long dresses and shirts and skirts. I change colors all the time. Especially for skiing, I have every color, because I spend so many months in St. Moritz and I'm on the slopes every day with our Tyrolean ski instructor, Walter Haas.

"I hate red. I think it makes my face look red, so I never wear it. I love white, off-whites, and beiges and browns. I wear a lot of black, in summer and winter. I love Valentino, he's the best for me. I buy his models as I have no time for long fittings.

"With my hair, thank God, I have no problems; it's like horsehair. . . . I can do it myself or go to the hairdresser once a week. Makeup doesn't mean much to me. Soap and water and lots of Roc, a French cream, and lots of powder, against the sun when skiing. I stay out of the Alpine sun, tan at the Mediterranean.

"I eat a lot, everything I want. Nobody understands why I never get fat. It's in the family, we're all tall and slender. But when I've eaten an enormous lunch, for instance, then I don't have dinner. I don't go on eating, maybe that's the secret. In St. Moritz, I have an American student, Bill, who cooks. We eat very simply. At the castle in Germany, we eat enormously. Our Czech cook is a wonder with pastry and game.

"We eat what we shoot. Everything comes from the property: eggs, milk, butter, cheese, flour for the bread we bake. I manage the property—six thousand acres of timberland and agriculture—and I know it all costs more than buying from the shops. But it is so good for the children, so much a part of their tradition.

"I don't smoke at all. I drink only wine, never strong things like schnapps. I like cheap wines. You can't tempt me with Château Lafite. I like the island wines of Ischia . . . we drink liters of those pink and white wines.

"I'm always with the children for their vacations. Otherwise, I work a lot. After my husband died two years ago, I took over his business interests . . . not the big family enterprise, the Fürstenberg brewery, but representation of Opel automobiles in Freiburg and a crystal factory, Schwabisch Gmünd. Then I have a petrol business in Ulm. I telephone to my offices every day from St. Moritz or fly out by helicopter to conferences in Zurich. Alone, I drive a Mercedes two-seater sports car; with the children, a big Opel.

"I love my children, they are much more important to me than my work. Kati is a great skier at five . . . she goes down every mountain. A terribly happy child, intelligent and a social bird. She knows what she wants, definitely. She is my youngest and a little bit spoiled . . . but the others, not at all. Maxi is nine, very good-hearted, if not the best in school. A real boy, he likes cars, and football, skiing, snorkeling, fishing. Teresina, called Nina, eleven, is already a teenager, all dressed-up one day and in dirty jeans the next. A good skater and snow and water skier, now she's starting tennis. I always do sports with them and with Heini, who is twenty-one and comes for holidays from the University of Munich. He's the brain of the family, studying higher mathematics, the best son one can have. [Baron Heinrich Thyssen-Bornemisza is Princess Fürstenberg's son by her first marriage.] He's a fantastic skier. His passion is shooting, when he is at the Schloss.

"My life is so full. Thank God I'm not bored . . . ever. That keeps me going. I have always tried not to get spoiled . . . about food, or clothes, or anything. A great secret in life. I know so many people who are spoiled . . . who are so rich, who have so much they are bored . . . and so unhappy. They lose spontaneity. I'm not poor, but I'm not terribly rich either. I have to fight for my life and I think that's very real, very healthy." ▼

VOGUE FOOD

SOMEONE'S IN THE KITCHEN WITH MAXIME,

cooking huge meals to stay thin:

MRS. RICHARD D. KAPLAN

BY MAXIME McKENDRY

Carmen Kaplan's long narrow figure and mystery-green eyes seem unchanged since her days as a model for fashion photographers; only the drifting of natural frost in her dark hair is new, suits her as the mother of Laura (a model, too) and wife of the architect Richard Kaplan. Because almost every Kaplan dinner gathers spontaneously a dozen artist or architect friends in the wood-paneled dining room of their Park Avenue triplex, Carmen cooks and eats one big meal, lets her special milk shake take her through the rest of the day. Exercise classes and swimming in the pool at the Kaplans' East Hampton, New York, house help keep her limber.

The giant soups, vast stews that Carmen serves are built on high amounts of meat or fish protein with low-calorie vegetables (beautifully cut on the slant with a Japanese cleaver) barely simmered to crisp tenderness—never allowed to boil. Precise timing in adding vegetables to the pot so that each will be cooked right and all will be done at the same time is Carmen's great skill. In her apartment, vegetables are chopped on a wood block at tall-girl height; scraps go through a hole cut in the block to a pail in the cupboard below. This—along with the rest of her enviable kitchen—was designed by Richard, who cooks, too, and eats everything. The stove is a restaurant grill with electric heating elements under the cast-iron grids (drippings go through into a water-filled pan) flanked by pairs of gas burners to hold stew pans and Chinese woks. A huge iron griddle fits over the grill for cooking chunked steak in the Japanese way. Two thirty-inch ovens fit enormous roasts, lengthy cakes to make the chocolate rolls that (along with lemon cream pies) are Carmen's concession to non-calorie-counting. Carmen cooks by inspiration, not recipes; we translated her descriptions like this:

CARMEN'S MILK SHAKE

1 10-ounce can evaporated milk
1 cup water
2 tablespoons poly-unsaturated oil
6 tablespoons dextrose
1 tablespoon vanilla extract (or to taste)

Whip in blender; chill. Drink at breakfast, midmorning, lunch.

CARMEN'S BEEF STEW, eight to twelve servings

8 pounds stewing beef, cut in chunks
Flour, salt, and pepper
1 large onion, chopped
16 small new red potatoes, peeled
½ pound bacon
16 pearl onions, peeled
16 carrots, scraped and cut in chunks
2 or 3 packages frozen peas
12 ounces Löwenbräu beer
4 to 6 tablespoons chopped dill

Dredge meat lightly in seasoned flour. Heat bacon slowly in an 8-quart pot until fat is melted; add chopped onion and simmer, covered, until soft. Add meat and cook gently, stirring occasionally, for 20 minutes, still covered. Add beer and mix well; cover and cook on very low flame for 2 hours. At the end of first hour, add dill. Potatoes, onions, and carrots are added 45 to 20 minutes before the end, depending on size. Peas are defrosted, sprinkled with raw sugar, added 10 minutes before serving time. Correct seasonings after adding vegetables.



Carmen Kaplan, left, at her height-right chopping board with Maxime McKendry

KAPLAN EAST HAMPTON FISH STEW

eight to twelve servings

2 cans frozen potato soup
2 soup-can-fuls fat-free milk
¼ pound butter
½ pound fish fillets per person (mix textures and flavors)
Lobster, cut in chunks (when available)
Salt and a few herbs
12 mussels or clams in shells (when available)
2 shrimps per person, raw but shelled
1 quart shelled scallops
Pinch Cayenne pepper

Melt butter with soup and milk in a huge skillet. Add the firmest fish and lobster with salt and herbs, simmer 10 minutes. Add softer fish and well-scrubbed shellfish in shells; as soon as shells open, add scallops. Simmer 5 minutes, season. Serve in soup bowls or over boiled rice.

CARMEN'S SOUP, eight to twelve servings

To 5 to 6 quarts water in an 8-quart pot add:

1 large onion, chopped fine
1 head celery, chopped
3 to 4 pounds beef flanken, cut in chunks
1 4-ounce jar prepared horseradish
4 bay leaves
1 pound dried lentils
Salt and pepper to taste

Bring just to the simmering point and cook gently.

After 30 minutes add:

1 3-pound chicken, cut in pieces; include giblets and neck

Simmer gently 1½ to 2 hours (or more).

One-half hour before serving add:

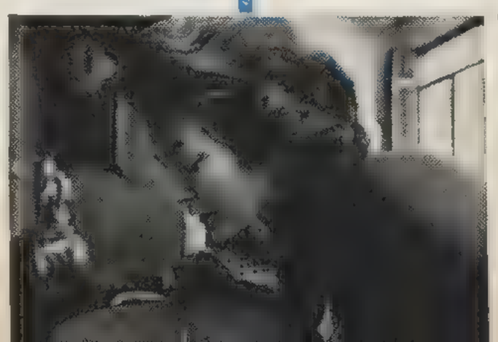
12 carrots, scraped and cut twice lengthwise, once crosswise
8 pearl onions, peeled
6 small potatoes, peeled and cut in half

Twenty minutes before serving add:

1 pound maruzzine (tiny Italian pasta shells)

Five minutes before serving add:

12 stalks asparagus, scrubbed and sliced thin on a slant



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SANDA

(Continued from page 149)

"Money is a tool of freedom"

Q: When you speak of Italy, your face lights up.

SANDA: I love Italy. With a violent, rather earthy love. For me, Italy is already the Orient. Even northern Italy. You know what I mean. The smells, the noise, that terrible way of herding together to do everything, to make love, to talk politics, to sleep, to eat, to pray. It's a big piece of loukoum, Italy, with too much sugar, too much cream, perfumed, indigestible, almost disgusting. Rome is a little outside of it. Rome is tender and pink and warm. Rome is gay, vulgar, wise; people love you; you love them; you want to eat out of their plates, to sit down with them right on the sidewalk. It's exciting, nerve-racking, very sensual. It's something very close to pure happiness. Then, all of a sudden, lassitude grips you by the throat. Too much noise, too many smiles, too many teeth, too many medallion-profiles, too many women with breasts, buttocks, calves, mustaches, murderous looks.

Too much of everything. So then, I pack my bag and I come back to Paris. To rediscover rigor, a certain order in ideas and appetites and also, whatever one may say today, that secret and reassuring *élégance* which clears your mind in minutes of any tendency towards folklore.

Q: And Italian men, Mademoiselle Sanda?

SANDA: Ah! Italian men. . . . There really isn't much to say. They lie well. With sincerity. They are often very handsome. But what good is a uselessly handsome man? They are charming, I agree, madly charming. And they have good manners. Well, a sort of good manners. More like a circus. But, with a few, very rare exceptions, that is all. At first they throw themselves upon you like a poor man on food. Afterwards, immediately afterwards, it's finished. A woman can never make a real friend of an Italian man. Above all not of an Italian lover. Even less of a husband. An Italian husband. Just to speak of it makes me shudder. I think I haven't anything much to say about Italian men. I think they are hollow, like plaster statues in film decors. With some rare exceptions—but I've said that before.

Q: Mademoiselle Sanda?

SANDA: Yes?

Q: Are you conscious of your beauty?

SANDA: Your question bores me. I only see myself in mirrors and in my films. Which is to say that I do not know myself well.

Q: Don't worry. You are really very beautiful. How do you do it?

She looks at me aghast.

SANDA: I am twenty years old.

Q: But after that?

SANDA: You want to know whether I take care of myself, go on diets, take cures, all that? No. I eat as much as I like, I drink too much, I smoke, I sleep when I feel like it, and sometimes I take drugs.

Q: Oh? What sort of drugs?

SANDA: Why don't you mind your own business?

Outside it has begun to rain. The little prostitutes of the rue de Tilsitt have taken refuge in doorways.

Q: Have you the cult of intelligence?

SANDA: For me intelligence consists in being open-minded.

Q: Shall we speak of happiness? It's the thing to do.

SANDA: Happiness is too small or too great an ambition. Oh, and then happiness—it's too many things. I don't like to talk about it, I like to experience it.

The Great Dane rolls over on his back. He is a female. She has beautiful poses.

Q: Do you like children?

SANDA: I am pregnant.

Q: I have a friend, a theater actress, who says: a child is a season down the drain.

SANDA: Your friend is a poor woman. For me a child is all the seasons of your life.

I know that she is unmarried. I summon up my courage. (I take my courage in both hands, like a heavy weight.)

Q: Whom do you love, Mademoiselle Sanda?

SANDA: Men.

Q: I beg your pardon?

SANDA: You heard me very well. Men.

She rises. So do I. Her handshake is boyish. Our goodbyes are brief. I am leaving a woman who will be astounding. Who is already. It is rare at any age. But at twenty! ▼

Woman as "either a goddess or a doormat"

(Continued from page 134)

Aphrodite bring her to life. For Picasso, each of his mistresses was Galatea: inert, passive earth brought to life by the artist's touch. And each Galatea represented a different female role. First there was Fernande, remote and self-involved, often pictured as the wife of Harlequin, who is obviously Picasso. In a gouache-and-ink of "Harlequin's Family," Picasso explores the theme of voyeurism that occupies many of his later works. Holding his baby, the checkered saltimbanque stares at his wife's behind, as she looks in the mirror.

The intimate theme of women at their toilette is of course one of the oldest erotic subjects. Its popularity among such nineteenth-century artists as Delacroix, Ingres, and Degas undoubtedly influenced Picasso. But where these artists seemed fixated on the strangeness, exotic otherness, and inaccessibility of women, Picasso has a direct, aggressive relationship to the desired object, including himself within the painting in the role of conscious voyeur.

Picasso returned many times to the theme of voyeurism, secretly observing his women engaged in the passive pastimes of sleeping or reading or sunbathing. Perhaps his most explicit treatment of voyeurism is the series of lithographs executed in the late 'forties after the German old master Lucas Cranach's painting of King David watching Bathsheba at her bath. Because he retained Cranach's elaborate Renaissance costumes, Picasso's Bathsheba appears curiously puritanical; but her reticence is more than offset by the leering, prurient face of David towering over her, expressing ever more satyric lust in each subsequent version.

Just as David dominates Bathsheba and her maids, Picasso dominated the women in his life. As his sexuality matured, Picasso became more and more concerned with the various forms of male subjugation of women. We see this in his illustrations to Ovid's *Metamorphoses* and in his drawings, prints, and paintings of classical rape scenes, such as the centaur Nessus abducting Dejanira. In a fascinating paper on Picasso's large body of erotic art, Professor Robert Rosenblum commented on "the image of female sexuality as a monstrous threat" in the works of the late 'thirties, an image "of hostile sexual confrontation between male and female." That women should ever win in the battle between the sexes was unthinkable for Picasso. Even in his illustrations of Aristophanes' *Lysistrata*, a Greek comedy involving the triumph of women who withhold their sexuality, Picasso emphasized that male violence and superior physical strength can overcome any opposition.

As I write these lines, I begin to understand why Picasso is not my favorite modern artist. For, much as I esteem his magnificent and unrivaled achievement as an innovator and creator of powerful images with my mind's eye (trained by art history to recognize such qualities with objective detachment), my emotions rebel at Picasso's conceptions of woman, in Françoise Gilot's words, as "either a goddess or a doormat."

Lacking any apparent inhibition, Picasso has expressed himself with greater force and directness than any other artist of our time. Yet one must admit, comparing the tender poetic studies of the Rose Period and the delicate linear tracery and gentle stroking of the classical early Cubist works, that in giving free rein to his aggressiveness he lost a certain sensitivity as well. Unrestricted by any censoring apparatus, Picasso's imagination was free to divulge the deepest unconscious longings and loathings of men toward women.

In this unashamed glorification of the male ego and its need to dominate lies Picasso's strength and authenticity. Freed at last of social taboos, he accepts the bestial in his nature, thereby putting the modern world back in touch with the depths of primitive emotion from which sprung the ancient myths of gods who imposed themselves upon the objects of their desire in the form of animals. Like the pagan Zeus, Picasso rejects his children, discards his mistresses when he tires of them, and competes with feminine creativity by spawning progeny of the mind and hand, as Zeus bore Athena from his head.

Often Picasso portrays the artist admiring his own creations. The model, however, can only admire herself. In the eyes of the artist, the woman, unable to create, can only stare at herself in the mirror. This is the theme of a number of Picasso's paintings, including the celebrated 1932 "Girl Before a Mirror," a double image of his new mistress Marie-Thérèse Walter, a seventeen-year-old girl at the time. In an earlier version, the model is turned upside down; the reflection she sees is of her bottom.

In yet another study of a girl with a mirror ["Interior with a Girl Drawing," reproduced on page 133], the woman who sits and draws sees reflected not even herself but one of the master's canvases. Thus woman may, in narcissistic fixation, admire her own image, as the artist is fascinated by her beauty. Better still, she may admire the master's work, as the woman in the drawing "The Necklace" holds up a drawing of herself for approval. [Page 132.] The shuffling of anatomical parts we associate with Surrealism's impact on Picasso's work of the 'thirties and 'forties lends a curiously androgynous quality to the gift-giver, who appears to exchange the necklace perhaps for services rendered.

Freud's studies of the psychology of artists give us the clue to Picasso's competition with and rejection of any woman who dared realize her creativity, either as a mother or as an artist. According to Freud, the personality of the artist is bisexual; it combines the natural creativity of the female with the drive to power of the male. Because Picasso is intensely in touch with his own strongest emotions—and this is a large part of his greatness—he expresses himself without the normal polite repression of hostility. Unrepressed masculine sexuality in its fullest expression demands the *femme-fleur*, the sleeping flower-woman who vegetates like a plant, satisfies so long as she never gives birth, either to child or to art.

To see Picasso's treatment of women as typical of the attitudes of Western patriarchal societies is of course in no way to denigrate the immense formal contribution of his art; it is to understand how the collective conscience of our age has expressed itself in the images of the genius who has dominated its art as he dominated his consorts. ▼

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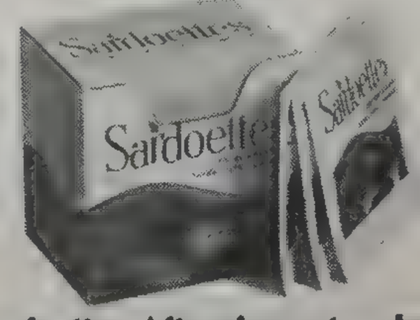
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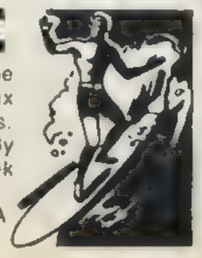
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On salt-water bay, fresh-water lake. 160 boys, 8-15, 4 age groups. Fleet of sailboats. Racing, swimming, canoeing, fishing, tennis, riflery, baseball, gymnastics, nature, woodworking. Educational trips. Experienced staff. Tutoring. 47th year. ACA accredited. Catalog.

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Boys' & Girls' Camps

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Boys' & Girls' Camps

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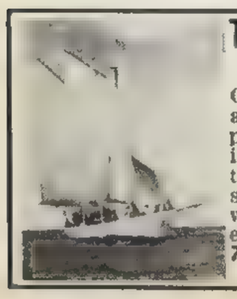
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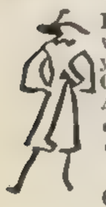
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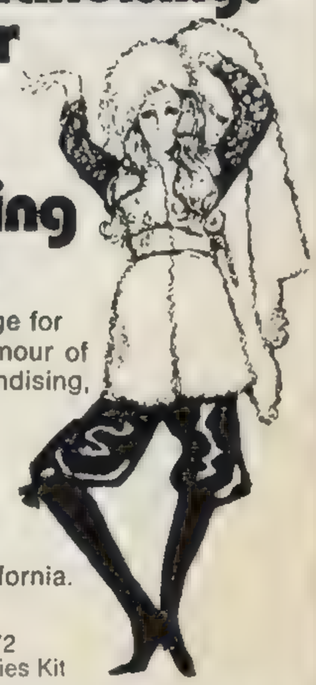
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FAT CELLS

(Continued from page 118)

battle against fat. So, without waiting for the results of further research, many pediatricians—and mothers—are keeping a closer eye on what children eat. The child who's too chubby, too roly-poly, may be in for trouble later on. . . .

There's no question that growing children need a strongly nutritious, balanced diet, high in "good" proteins—the ones in milk, eggs, cheese, meat—with adequate amounts of leafy vegetables, carbohydrates, and some fats. They need vitamins, minerals, amino acids, micronutrients. What they don't need is a daily round of cookies, candy, soft drinks, and greasy snacks. . . . Since no one yet knows exactly at what stage of growth the final pattern of cellularity is set (never to change again), even infants' diets are getting a long, hard look. Not long ago, a young mother we know announced cheerfully that her five-month-old son's formula had just been watered down on orders of her pediatrician. His diagnosis: "Too many chins."

Heredity may be a factor in obesity—some strains of mice and rats appear to be genetically obese—but, on the other hand, it may not. The fact that fat parents so often have fat children may simply mean that the child has followed the pattern of eating—or overeating—that prevailed in the family.

Psychological factors are certainly strongly involved in many cases—although Dr. Hirsch feels that "the psychiatric approach can become very ornate." Yet he and other researchers have found that many obese patients, far from being exhilarated by shedding 80 to 100 pounds of bulk, are depressed, anxious, resentful. A possible explanation may be that the bulk was originally acquired as a defense—a sort of Great Wall—to fend off real or imagined threats in childhood or early youth; or as a means of avoiding competition for sexual or other kinds of success to which the patient felt unequal. Losing weight doesn't automatically remove these problems; instead, it removes what the patient had conceived of as a defense against them. . . .

A report by Dr. Myron L. Glucksman, Dr. Hirsch, and others, presented to the American Psychosomatic Society, said of one group of patients: " . . . As weight reduction progressed, each patient experienced an increased awareness of various problems and felt disappointed that weight loss did not eliminate these difficulties." Later on, the same report said: "It is conceivable that the removal of body tissue itself, with associated morphologic and biochemical alterations, promoted the awareness of starvational or disintegrative threats." . . .

Which brings us back to the central mystery: the links, the feedback—not yet fully explored or understood—between body and mind. Psychic factors, however important, may still be less important than the underlying cellular pattern each individual acquires early in life and carries from that time on. Each person's body (each animal's, too) apparently has a desired, an optimum weight level that it strives to maintain, through thick and thin. Whether weight is gained or lost over the short run, there is, said Dr. Hirsch, "a tremendous internal factor in the body restoring one to the original weight." . . . This works against sufferers from obesity—as if they didn't have enough working against them—because, after weight loss, the "internal factor" tends to make weight reaccumulate. (Losing weight very slowly helps to counteract this.) With "normal" or "average" people who have gained unwanted pounds, the internal factor works in their favor, helping—if they cut down their caloric intake—to restore them to their original, slimmer dimensions. (Again, losing weight slowly—two to three pounds a week—is the most efficacious way.)

To Dr. Hirsch—who spends his days contending with the terrible, often tragic problems of obesity—the problem of losing weight for the normal, non-obese person is as simple as two plus two—or two minus two. It's as simple as putting no more into a bank account than you require for your daily needs. As simple as this: "People accrue weight by conserving calories—eating too much, or underactivity. The only

"The psychiatric approach can become very ornate. . . ."

way to correct it is to reverse the caloric balance—eat less and exercise more. The most efficient way is eating less—an hour of rapid walking or swimming takes off so few calories. Although, of course, exercise helps circulation, makes you feel better, less flabby. . . . But the most effective means are primarily dietary. Caloric exchanges are what count—not consuming more calories than you expend." In other words: it's as simple as pie—the piece of pie you don't eat.

Here's how it works. Let's say you want to lose ten pounds, at the rate of two pounds a week. A caloric deficit of 3,500 calories will give you a weight loss of one pound per week; for two pounds, you'll need a caloric deficit of 7,000. So the amount of calories you take in the first week should total 7,000 calories less than the amount you were taking in before. . . . After five weeks with this 7,000-calorie-a-week deficit, you should be ten pounds lighter. And it will be ten pounds of fat you've lost, not ten pounds of water and other non-fatty constituents, which is what most of the "crash" diets take off —and which return just as soon as the system has re-equilibrated itself. ("You eat a salted peanut and it all comes back," said Dr. Hirsch.)

Now: In order to stay at the new, lighter weight, if it seems to agree with you, you work out a maintenance diet, allowing 15 to 20 calories per pound of body weight per day. In other words, if your ideal weight is 110 pounds, your daily intake of calories should be between 1,650 and 2,200 calories. Within this range, you can eat pretty much anything you like and enjoy—"work out your own diet and stick to it," said Dr. Hirsch. Of course, it helps if you like the "less calorically-dense foods," such as celery and lettuce. . . . To help them in working out their own diets, Dr. Hirsch gives patients a paperback book, *The Brand Name Calorie Counter,* which reveals the exact calorie count of every product you're apt to find on the supermarket shelves; it does away with a lot of guesswork.

If your level of activity should suddenly rise, you may have to step up your caloric intake to maintain the optimum weight; if you become less active, you'll probably have to cut it down a bit. The point is to keep the caloric exchange in balance. . . . Fluids—water, black coffee, tea—can be taken freely. In fact, said Dr. Hirsch, "if you drank three glasses of water you might eat less."

ACCESSORIES

THE FASHION FOR COTTON

Pages 92, 93: Fedora by Givenchy Nouvelle Boutique, at Bergdorf Goodman. Elephant beads by India Nepal. Smooth beads, Jack Gilbert. Van Raalte gloves. Clutch, at Henri Bendel. Beauty Mist tights. Herbert Levine shoes.

Page 94 (left): Hat by Irving Paul for Capadors. Marina-chain bracelet by Gucci; others, from Danish Silversmiths. Moda Romana bag, at the St. Regis. Bonnie Doon knee socks. Mademoiselle shoes.

Page 94 (right): Scarf by Echo. Coach Leatherware bag. Danecraft bracelets. Herbert Levine shoes.

Page 95: Veaumont hat. Paul Iwao bracelets. Glasses by Paris Collections. Belle-Sharmeer tights. Herbert Levine shoes.

Page 96: Fedora by Givenchy Nouvelle Boutique, at Bergdorf Goodman. Scarf by Echo. Belt by Ben King for Midtown Belts. Tropi-Cal sunglasses.

Page 97: Scarf by Echo.

Page 98: Hat by Irving Paul for Capadors. Givenchy Nouvelle Boutique earrings, at Bergdorf Goodman. Laguna fake pearls. Clutch, at Henri Bendel.

Page 99: Marvella fake pearls. Rings by Trifari.

Page 100: Adolfo hat, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Marvella fake pearls. Carrano clutch. Chadbourn tights. Herbert Levine shoes.

Page 101: Mr. John hat. Scarf by Givenchy Nouvelle Boutique, at Bergdorf Goodman. Marvella fake pearls. Berkshire tights.

Page 102: Adolfo hat, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Trifari earrings. Scarf by Echo. Odyssey cross. Danish Silversmiths choker. Gucci bracelets.

Page 103: Snood designed by Flemming for Merrymaker. Carrano bag. Alexis Kirk bracelet. Calderon belt.

Page 104 (left): Headwrap by Doro, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Alexis Kirk cuffs. Roman Stripe tights. David Evins sandals.

Page 104 (right): Headwrap by Emily Wetherby, at Bergdorf Goodman. Necklace and bracelet by Valerie Sabié Boutique. Roman Stripe tights. Sandals from Beth's Bootery, at Saks Fifth Avenue.

Page 105: Carel earrings. Alexis Kirk cuffs, at Henri Bendel. Schiaparelli tights. Herbert Levine sandals.

THE BEAUTY IDEA IN FASHION

Page 111: Ruza Creations earrings. Alexis Kirk bracelet, at Bloomingdale's.

Page 112: Hat by Kathy McKeany, at Bloomingdale's. Cadoro necklace. Ring by Michael Moraux for Dubaux.

Page 114: Pants by Joshua Tree.

Page 115: De Noyer hat. Robert Originals earrings. Watch by Bueche-Girod. Mademoiselle shoes.

Page 116: Hat by Irving Paul for Capadors. Necklaces by Abbe Creations. Gucci watch.

Page 117 (top left): K.J.L. earrings. Alexis Kirk ring. Necklace with jade butterfly pendant by Kai-Yin, at Henri Bendel. Carnelian necklace by International Enterprises.

Page 117 (right): K.J.L. earrings. Yves Saint Laurent belt. Gucci watch. Ring by Diane Love for Trifari. Hat by Aduke Afrique.

SUMMER AND CHÉR

Page 138 (left): Adolfo hat, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Bracelets by Michael Moraux for Dubaux. El Greco clogs.

Page 138 (right): Beret by Irving Paul for Capadors. Sunglasses by Optyl Designs. Benedikt bracelet. Clog sandals at Henri Bendel's Shoe Biz.

Page 139: Bracelets at Tribal Arts Gallery. Jules Van Rouge earrings. Doro scarf. El Greco clogs.

Page 141: Hat by Irving Paul for Capadors. Doro scarf. Bracelets on her right hand by Danish Silversmiths; on her left, by Gucci. Palizzio shoes, to order at Lord & Taylor.

Page 144: Brod veiling. Alexis Kirk earrings, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Vanity Fair tights. Shoes from Beth's Bootery, at Saks Fifth Avenue.

Page 145: K.J.L. earrings and bracelets. Socialites shoes.

Page 146: Golo sandals.

Page 147: William de Lillo earrings. Moda Romana belt, at the St. Regis (belt that comes with suit, not shown). Raoul Calabro cuffs.

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SNOBBERY

(Continued from page 151)

Envy is the motive of much anti-snobbery feeling

fected and the daughter or son of the house is soon nobbled. Jack has found his beanstalk.

Examples: "Marcel"—Swann—the Duchesse de Guermantes. Sebastian Flyte in *Brideshead Revisited.* The Desboroughs in *Invitation to the Waltz* (Rosamond Lehmann, heroine at her first ball). Lucien de Rubempre and his Duchesses (Balzac), Julien Sorel and Mme. de Rênal (Stendhal). *Le Grand Meaulnes.* Becky Sharp and Lord Steyne in *Vanity Fair,* Yeats and Lady Gregory, Moore and Lady Cunard. In the past, the middle-class tutor or undergraduate would be taken to stay by his new aristocratic friend and perhaps would marry his sister. Novels, poems pour forth and another young sufferer from V-I is obtaining relief from Peer's Poultice, sharing butlers and jokes with the peer and bed and board with his daughter. Middle-class magic—to the peerage, fortunately, irresistible. "What is it you middle-class fellows have that we haven't? Blowed if I know."

It doesn't always work. "Your health, cousin Seymour," called the proud Duke of Somerset to the proud horse painter of the same name who had been summoned to immortalize the stables at Petworth. "Thank you, your Grace," he replied, "for I believe we are in some sort related." The Duke was not amused and packed him straight off to London.

If one had to make the best defense of snobbery, it could be along these lines: "to know the best and to have known it for the best, that is success in life" (Mackail). We are not born with this knowledge, we have to make efforts to find out what it is and where to be found, so we are entitled to move up in the pecking order; and to better ourselves we may have to cut away from the hordes of time-wasting mediocrities like ourselves who take up our time and consume our energy.

The principle of wellborn conservatives like the eighteenth-century wit George Selwyn, *"Il ne faut jamais sortir de son rang,"* is only true of a static and well-ordered society where the climber is quickly detected and punished. Since the vanity component in so many snobs goes with exhibitionism, there is often a gift of mimicry and protective coloring. A successful snob may be an actor who expertly counterfeits the speech and ways of the elitist circles he wishes to infiltrate, even down to their clothes and personal habits, meanness, etc. One could further argue that up till a few years ago England was one of the few countries not to have had a social revolution and to have preserved an aristocracy which retains the wealth, manners, and self-confidence of the feudal system onwards. Therefore, to study this aristocracy was as rich a field as to observe elephants in East Africa or samurai in Japan.

Envy is the motive of much anti-snobbery feeling. Those who mock Proust or Waugh for accepting an invitation to Guermantes or Brideshead must first be certain they would refuse it themselves. The real proof that there is something the matter with snobbery is not our contempt for it in other people but the curious nausea we experience when we succumb to it ourselves: transient and often delayed, it nevertheless indicates that something is wrong, even with Peer's Poultice.

"Surgit amarim aliquid quod in ipsis floribus angat," as Lucretius wrote of love—something bitter rises up to distress us, even in the bouquets. Perhaps it's the thought of those people the dictionary tells us about, the "disposition to be ashamed of socially inferior connections"; those "inferior connections" may be our nearest and dearest. Whereas the "right people" are often surrounded by dismal, dowdy, and humdrum relations whom the snob finds it easier to ignore, the snob himself appears like a fairy knight at a tournament, beautifully mounted and armed and totally without retainers or any entourage from his own background. Alone he rides up to the Big House (if the long drive does not end in an institution but in one of the few remaining grail castles where the Fisher King, complete with earnest son or marriageable daughter, awaits him), ignores his old parents even though they may keep the lodge (as in the anecdote of Eddie Marsh related by Bertrand Russell). According to Scott Fitzgerald, "every writer is a social climber," but some get found out sooner than others.

Here is a brief list of some of the most and least snobbish writers to which we can all add but not subtract. . . .

Snobs: Homer, Shakespeare (Shakespeare from his coat of arms to his second-best bed is such a snob that many readers have preferred to take his snobbery upon themselves by pretending he was Oxford, Rutland, or Derby), Pope, Congreve, Boswell, Goethe, Voltaire (né Arouet), Byron (yes), Thackeray, Jane Austen, Virginia Woolf, Tennyson, Browning, Henry James, Wilde, Balzac (both in life and work), Proust. Proust is perhaps the greatest snob of all time, the writer with the most exaggerated respect for social position; and even though he turns upon all his worldly characters and strips them of so much, it is very seldom (as his friend Berl has pointed out) of their social position. Homosexual, cruel, stupid, shorn of all pretensions, they still stagger to the place card to find their seat is where it was and hand their hat and cane to the eternal footman. In life Proust, although he went out less and less, remained a snob to the end, as people in his world never doubted. In more recent times, Scott Fitzgerald, Maugham, Evelyn Waugh, Michael Arlen, Edmond Gosse, Yeats, and Valéry could be added, and dozens of my own contemporaries who were a particularly V-I lot ("land-hungry," Evelyn Waugh called us).

It is not so easy to mention a few writers who were not snobs: Milton, Baudelaire, Flaubert, the Brontës, Gide, Lawrence (D.H.), Graves, Norman Douglas, Graham Greene, Faulkner, Dickens perhaps, George Eliot (not T.S.), Orwell, Joyce (neither in life nor art), Ezra Pound.

"If you can live on roots, you would not have to sup with kings," said Diogenes to Aristippus, "and if you could sup with kings, you would not sit there washing chervils." Amen. ▼

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